THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS

NO. 132 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1858.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821 | WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 1905

Original Novelet.

JESSIE LORING;

OR,

THE HAND BUT NOT THE HEART.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by T. S. Arthur, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Penn.]

CHAPTER XI.

The efforts which were made to save Miss Loring from the sacrifice, only had the effect to render it more acutely painful. Evil instead of good followed Mrs. Denison's appeals to Mr. Dexter. They served but to arouse the demon jealousy in his heart. Upon Hendrickson's movements he set the wariest surveillance. Twice, since that never-to-be-forgotten evening, he met the young man in company when Jessie was present. With an eye that never failed for an instant in watchfulness, he noted his countenance and movements; and he kept on his betrothed as keen an observation. Several times he left her alone, in order to give Hendrickson an opportunity to get into her company. But there was a too studied avoidance of contact. Had they met casually, and exchanged a few pleasant words, suspicion would have been allayed. As it was, jealousy gave its own interpretation to their conduct.

On the last of the occasions referred to, from a position where he deemed himself beyond the danger of casual observation, Hendrickson searched with his eyes for the object of his undying regard. He saw her, sitting alone, not far distant. Her manner was that of one lost in thought—the expression of her countenance dreamy, and overcast with a shade of sadness. How long he had been gazing upon her face, the young man could not have told, so absorbed was he in the feelings her presence had awakened, when turning almost involuntarily, his eyes caught the gleam of another pair of eyes that were fixed intently upon him. So suddenly had he turned, that the individual observing him was left without opportunity to change in any degree the expression of his eyes or countenance. It was almost malignant. That individual was Leon Dexter.

Ashamed of himself, Hendrickson showed confusion, and was unable to return the steady gaze that rested upon him. His eyes fell. When he looked up again, which was in a moment, Dexter had left his position, and was crossing the room towards Miss Loring.

"It is the fiend Jealousy!" said Hendrickson, as he withdrew into another room. "Well—let it poison all the springs of his happiness, as he has poisoned mine! I care not how keen may be his sufferings."

He spoke with exceeding bitterness.

A few weeks later, and the dreaded consummation came. In honor of the splendid alliance formed by her niece, Mrs. Loring gave a most brilliant wedding party, and the lovely bride stood forth in all her beauty and grace—the admired and the envied. A few thought her rather pale—some said her eyes were too dreamy—and a gossip or two declared that the rich young husband had only gained her person, while her heart was in the keeping of another. "She has not married the man, but his wealth and position!" was the unguarded remark of one of these thoughtless individuals; and by a singular fatality, the sentence reached the ears of Mr. Dexter. Alas! It was but throwing another faggot on the already kindling fires of unhallowed jealousy. The countenance of the young husband became clouded; and it was only by an effort that he could arouse himself, and assume a gay exterior. The prize after which he had sprung with such eager haste, distancing all competitors, was now his own. Binding vows had been uttered, and the minister had said—"What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder." Yet, even in his hour of triumph, came the troubled conviction that, though he had gained the beautiful person of his bride, he could not say surely that her more beautiful soul was all his own.

And so there was a death's head at his feast; and the costliest wine was dashed with bitterness.

Of what was passing in the mind of Dexter his bride had no knowledge; nor did her keen instincts warn her that the demon of jealousy was already in his heart. Suffering, and the colder spirit of endurance that followed, had rendered her, in a certain sense, obtuse in this direction.

A full grown, strong woman, had Jessie become suddenly. The gentle, tenderly-loving, earnest, simple-hearted girl, could never have sustained the part it was hers to play. Unless a new and more vigorous life had been born in her, she must have fallen. But now she stood erect, shading her heart from her own eyes, and gathering from principle strength for duty. Very pure—very true she was. Yet, in her new relation, purity and truth were shrined in a cold exterior. It were not possible to be otherwise. She did not love her husband in any thing like the degree she was capable of loving. It was not in him to find the deep places of her heart. But true to him she could be, and true to him it was her purpose to remain.

Taking all the antecedents of this case, and we will not wonder, when told that quite from the beginning of so inharmonious a union, Dexter found himself disappointed in his bride. He was naturally ardent and demonstrative; while, of necessity, she was calm, cold, dignified—or simply passive. She was never unamiable or capricious; and rarely opposed him in any thing reasonable or unreasonable. But she was reserved almost to constraint at times—a vestal at the altar, rather than a loving wife. He was very proud of her, as well he might be; for she grew peerless in beauty. But her beauty was from the development of taste, thought, and intellect. It was not born of the affections. Yes, Leon Dexter was sadly disappointed. He wanted something more than all this.

Lifted from an almost obscure position, as the dependent niece of Mrs. Loring, the young wife of Mr. Dexter found herself in a larger circle, and in the society of men and women of more generally cultivated tastes. She soon became a centre of attraction; for taste attracts taste, mind seeks mind. And where beauty is added, the possessor has invincible charms. It did not escape the eyes of Dexter that, in the society of other men, his young wife was gayer and more vivacious than when with him. This annoyed him so much, that he began to act capriciously, as it seemed to Jessie. Sometimes he would require her to leave a pleasant company long before the usual hour, and sometimes he would refuse to go with her to parties or places of amusement, yet giving no reasons that were satisfactory. On these occasions, a moody spirit would come over him. If she questioned, he answered with evasion, or covert ill-nature.

The closer union of an external marriage did not invest the husband with any new attractions for his wife. The more intimately she knew him, the deeper became her repugnance. He had no interior qualities in harmony with her own. An intensely selfish man, it was impossible for him to inspire a feeling of love in a mind so pure in its impulses, and so acute in its perceptions. If Mrs. Dexter had been a worldly-minded woman—a lover of admiration—or one moved by the small ambitions of fashionable life—her husband would have been all well enough. She would have been content with him in a way altogether satisfactory to her tastes, and they would have circled their orbit of life without an eccentric motion. But the deeper capacities and higher needs of Mrs. Dexter, made this union quite another thing. Her husband had no power to fill her soul—to quicken her life-pulses—to stir the silent chords of her heart with the deep, pure, ravishing melodies they were made to give forth. That she was superior to him mentally, Mr. Dexter was not long in discovering. Very rapidly did her mind, quickened by a never-dying pain, spring forward towards its culmination. Of its rapid growth in power and acuteness, he only had evidence when he listened to her in conversation with men and women of large acquirements and polished tastes. Alone with him, her mind seemed to grow duller every day; and if he applied the spur, it was only to produce a start, not a movement onwards.

Alas for Leon Dexter! He had caged his beautiful bird; but her song had lost, already, its ravishing sweetness.

CHAPTER XII.

The first year of trial passed. If the young wife's heart history for that single year could be written, it would make a volume, every page of which the reader would find spotted with his tears. No pen but that of the sufferer could write that history; and to her, no second life, even in memory, were endurable. The record is sealed up—and the story will not be told.

It is not within the range of all minds to comprehend what was endured. Wealth, position, beauty, admiration, enlarged intelligence, and highly cultivated tastes, were hers. She was the wife of a man who almost worshipped her, and who ceased not to woo her with all the arts he knew how to practice. Impatient he became, at times, with her impassiveness, and fretted by her coldness. Jealous of her he was always. But he strove to win that love which, ere his half-coercion of her into marriage, he had been warned he did not possess—but his strivings were in vain. He was a meaner bird, and could not mate with the eagle.

To Mrs. Dexter, this life was a breathing death. Yet with a wonderful power of endurance and self-control, she moved along her destined way, and none of the people she met in society—nor even her nearest friends—had any suspicion of her real state of mind. As a wife, her sense of honor was keen. From that virtuous poise, her mind had neither variableness nor shadow of turning. No children came with silken wrappings, to hide and make softer the bonds that held her to her husband in a union that only death could dissolve; the hard, icy, galling links of the chain were ever visible, and their trammel ever felt. Cold and desolate the elegant home remained.

In society, Mrs. Dexter continued to hold a brilliant position. She was courted, admired, flattered, envied—the attractive centre to every circle of which she formed a part. Rarely to good advantage did her husband appear, for her mind had so far outrun his in strength and cultivation, that the contrast was seriously against him—and he felt it as another barrier between them.

One year of pride was enough for Mr. Dexter. A beautiful, brilliant, fascinating wife was rather a questionable article to place on exhibition; there was danger, he saw, in the experiment. And now he deemed it only the dictate of prudence to guard her from temptation. An incident determined him. They were at Newport, in the mid-season; and their intention was to remain there two weeks. They had been to Saratoga, where the beauty and brilliancy of Mrs. Dexter drew around her some of the most intelligent and attractive men there. All at once her husband suggested Newport.

"I thought we had fixed on next week," said Mrs. Dexter, in reply.

"I am not well," was the answer. "The sea air will do me good."

"We will go to-morrow, then," was the unhesitating response. Not made with interest or feeling; but promptly, as the dictate of wifely duty.

Just half an hour previous to this brief interview, Mr. Dexter was sitting in one of the parlors, and hearing him utter a name, strongly, in conversation. The utterance of one of these, caused him to be on the instant all attention.

"She's charming!" was the response.

"One of the most fascinating women I have ever met! and my observation, as you know, is not limited. She would produce a sensation in Paris."

"Is she a young widow?"

"No—unfortunately."

"Who, or what is her husband?" was asked.

"A rich nobody, I'm told."

"Ah! He has taste."

"Taste in beautiful women, at least," was the rejoinder.

"Is he here?"

"I believe so. He would hardly trust so precious a jewel as that out of his sight. They say he is half-maddened by jealousy."

"And with reason, probably. Weak men, with brilliant, fashionable wives, have cause for jealousy. He's a fool to bring her right into the very midst of temptation."

"Can't help himself, I presume. It might not be prudent to attempt the caging system."

A low, chuckling laugh followed. How the blood did go rushing and seething through the veins of Leon Dexter!

"I intend to know more of her," was continued. "Where do they live?"

"In B——."

"Ah! I shall be there during the winter."

"She sees a great deal of company, I am told. Has weekly or monthly 'evenings' at which some of the most intellectual people in the city may be found."

"Easy of access, I suppose?"

"No doubt of it."

Dexter heard no more. On the next day he started with his wife for Newport. The journey was a silent one. They had ceased to converse much when alone. And now there were reasons why Mr. Dexter felt little inclination to intrude any common-places upon his wife.

They were passing into the hotel, on their arrival, when Mr. Dexter, who happened to be looking at his wife, saw her start, flush, and then turn pale. It was the work of an instant. His eyes followed the direction of hers, but failed to recognize any individual among the group of persons near them, as the one who had thus affected her by his presence. He left her in one of the parlors, while he made arrangements for rooms. In a few minutes he returned. She was sitting as he had left her, seeming scarcely to have stirred during his absence. Her eyes were on the floor, and when he said, "Come, Jessie!" she started and looked up at him, in a confused way.

"Our apartments are ready: come."

He had to speak a second time, before she seemed to comprehend his meaning. She arose like one in deep thought, and moved along by her husband's side, leaving the parlor and going up to the rooms which had been assigned to them. The change in her countenance and manner was so great, that her husband could not help remarking upon it.

"Are you not well, Jessie?" he asked, as she sat down with a weary air.

"Not very well," she answered—yet with a certain evasion of tone that repelled inquiry.

Mr. Dexter scanned her countenance sharply. She lifted her eyes at the moment to his face, and started slightly at the unusual meaning she saw therein. A flush betrayed her disturbed condition; and a succeeding pallor gave signs of unusual pain.

"Will you see a physician?"

"No—no!" she answered, quickly; "it was a momentary sickness—but is passing off now." She arose as she said this, and commenced laying aside her travelling garments. Mr. Dexter sat down, and taking a newspaper from his pocket, pretended to read; but his jealous eyes looked over the sheet, and rested with keen scrutiny on the face of his wife whenever it happened to be turned towards him. That she scarcely thought of his presence, was plain from the fact that she did not once look at him. Suddenly, as if some new thought had crossed his mind, Mr. Dexter arose, and after making some slight changes in his dress, left the apartment and went down stairs. He was evidently in search of some one; for he passed slowly, and with wary eyes, along the passages, portico and piazza. The result was not satisfactory. He [illegible] and lingered with [illegible] in conversation; but the watchful, searching eyes were never a moment at rest.

The instant Mr. Dexter left the room, there was a marked change in his wife. The half indifferent, almost listless manner, changed to one that expressed deep, struggling emotions. Her bent form became erect, and she stood for a little while listening with her eyes upon the door, as if in doubt whether her husband would not return. After the lapse of two or three minutes, she walked to the door, and placing her fingers on the key, turned it, locking herself in. This done, she retired slowly towards a lounge by the window, nearly every trace of excitement gone, and sitting down, was soon so entirely absorbed in thought as scarcely to show a sign of external life.

It was half an hour from the time Mr. Dexter left his wife, when he returned. His hand upon the lock aroused her from the waking dream into which she had fallen. As she arose, her manner began to change, and, ere she had reached the door, the quicker flowing blood was restoring the color to her cheeks. She had passed through a long and severe struggle: and woman's virtue, aided by woman's pride and will, had conquered.

Mrs. Dexter spoke to her husband cheerfully, as he came in, and met his steady, searching look without a sign of confusion. He was at fault. Yet not deceived.

"Are you better?" he asked.

"Much better," she replied; and turning from him, went on with the arrangement of her toilette, which had been suspended from the period of her husband's absence, until his return. Mr. Dexter passed into their private parlor, adjoining the bed-room, and remained there until his wife had finished dressing."

"Shall we go down?" he inquired, as she came in looking so beautiful in his eyes that the very sight of her surpassing loveliness gave him pain. The Fiend was in his heart.

"Not now," she replied, "I am still fatigued with the day's travel, and had rather not see company at present."

She glanced from the window.

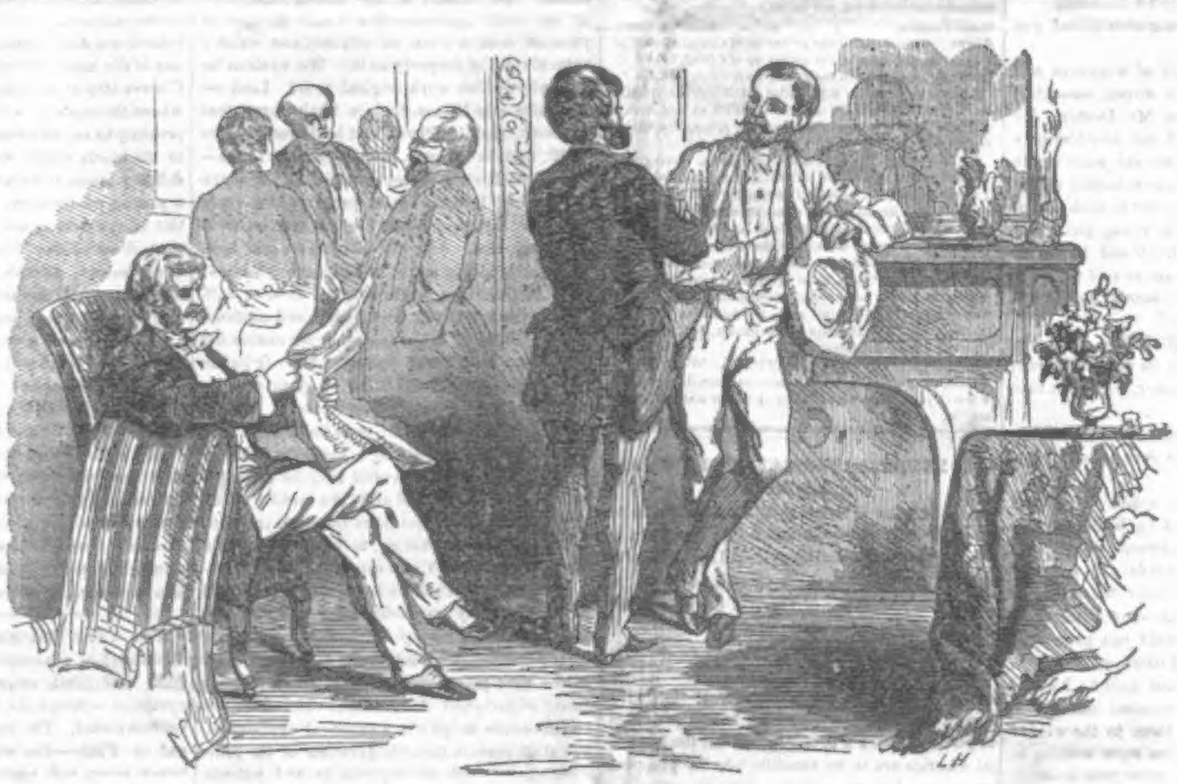
"What a sublimity there is in the ocean!" she said, with an unusual degree of interest in her manner, when speaking to her husband. "I can never become so familiar with its grandeur and vastness, as to look upon its face without emotion. You remember Byron's magnificent apostrophe!—

"'Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll.'"

And she repeated several of the stanzas from "Childe Harold," with an effect that stirred her husband's feelings more profoundly than they had ever been stirred by nature and poetry before.

"I have read and heard that splendid passage many times, but never with the meaning and power which your voice has lent to the poet's words," said Dexter, gazing with admiration upon his wife.

He sat down beside her, and took her hand in his. Her eyes wandered to his face, and lingered there as if she were searching the lineaments for a sign of something that her heart could take hold upon and cling to. And it was even so; for she felt that she needed strength and protection in an hour of surely coming trial. A



THE HOTEL PARLOR.

feeble sigh and a drooping of the eyelids attested her disappointment. And yet as he leaned towards her she did not sit more erect, but rather suffered her body to incline to him. He still retained her hand, and she permitted him to toy with it, even slightly returning the pressure he gave.

"You shall be my teacher in the love of nature." He spoke with a glow of true feeling. "The lesson of this evening I shall never forget. Old ocean will always wear a different aspect in my eyes."

"Nature," replied Mrs. Dexter, "is not a mere dead symbol.—It is something more:—an outbirth from loving principles—the body of a creating soul. The sea, upon whose restless surface we are gazing, is something more than a briny fluid, bearing ships upon its bosom—something more than a mirror for the arching heavens—something more than a symbol of immensity and eternity. There is a truth in nature far deeper, more divine, and of higher significance."

She paused, and for some moments her thoughts seemed floating away into a world, the real things of which our coarser forms but feebly represent.

"It must be so. I feel that it is so; yet what to you seems clear as the sunbeams hides itself from me in dusky shadows. But say on Jessie. Your words are pleasant to my ears."

Mrs. Dexter seemed a little surprised at this language, for she turned her eyes from the sea to his face, and looked at him with a questioning gaze for some moments.

"This world is not the real world," she said, speaking earnestly and gazing at him intently to see how far his thought reflected hers.

"Is not this real?" Dexter asked, raising the hand of his wife and looking down upon it. "I call it a real hand."

"And I," said Mrs. Dexter, smiling, "call it only the appearance of a hand; it is the real hand that vitalizes and gives it power. This will decay—this appearance fade—but the real hand of my spirit will live on, immortal as the human soul of which it makes a part."

"Into what strange labyrinths your mind is wandering, Jessie!" said Mr. Dexter, a slight shade of disapproval in his voice. "I am afraid you are losing yourself."

"Rather say that I have been lost, and am finding myself in open paths, with the blue sky instead of forest foliage above me."

"Your language is a myth, Jessie. I never heard of your being lost. To me you have been ever present, walking in the sunlight, a divine reality. Not the mere appearance of a woman; but a *real* woman, and my wife. Pray do not lose yourself now! Do not recede from an actual flesh and blood existence into some world of dim philosophy whither I cannot go. I am not ready for your translation."

Mr. Dexter was half playful, half serious. His reply disappointed his wife. Her manner, warmer than usual, took on a portion of its old reserve.

"The immortal soul, spiritual in its essence, yet organized in all its minutest forms—cannot attain its full stature unless it receives immortal food. The aliments of mere sensual life are for the body, and the mind's lowest constituents of being; and they who are content to feed on husks must sort with the common herd. I have higher aspirations, my husband! I see within and above the animal and sensuous a real world of truth and goodness, where, and where only, the soul's immortal desires can be satisfied. With the key in my hand shall I not enter? The common air is too thick for me. I must perish or rise into purer atmospheres."

Mrs. Dexter paused, conscious that her husband did not appreciate her meanings. He was listening intently, and striving apparently after them; but to him only the things of sense were real; and he was not able to comprehend how lasting pleasure was to flow from the intellectual and spiritual. He did not answer, and she lapsed into silence; all the fine enthusiasm that had filled her countenance so full of a living beauty giving place to a cold, calm exterior. She had hoped to quicken her husband's sluggish perceptions, and to create in his mind an incipient love for the pure and beautiful things after which her own mind was beginning to aspire.

In her intercourse with refined and intellectual persons, Mrs. Dexter had made the acquaintance of a lady named Mrs. De Lisle. Her residence was not far from Mrs. Dexter's, and they met often for pleasant and profitable conversation. In Mrs. De Lisle, Mrs. Dexter found a woman of not only superior attainments, but one possessing great purity of mind, and a high, religious sense of duty. What struck her in the very beginning was a new mode of weighing human actions, and a quiet looking beneath the surface of things, and estimating all she saw by the quality within instead of by the appearance without. From the first Mrs. Dexter was strongly attracted by this lady; and it was a little remarkable that her husband was as strongly repelled. He did not like her: and often spoke of her severingly as using an unknown tongue. His wife contended with him slightly at first in regard to Mrs. De Lisle; but soon ceased to notice his captious remarks.

In Mrs. De Lisle, the struggling and suffering young creature had found a true friend—not true in the sense of a weakly, sympathising friend, but more really true; one who could lift her soul up into purer regions, and help it to acquire strength for duty.

There was another lady named Mrs. Anthony, who had insinuated herself into the good opinion of Mrs. Dexter, and partially, also, into her confidence.

It does not take a quick-sighted woman long to comprehend the true marital standing of the friend in whom she feels an interest. Both Mrs. De Lisle and Mrs. Anthony soon discovered that no love was in the heart of Mrs. Dexter, and that, consequently, no interior marriage existed. They saw also that Mr. Dexter was inferior, selfish, captious at times, and kept his wife always under surveillance, as if afraid of her constancy. The different conduct of the ladies, touching this relation of Mrs. Dexter to her husband, was in marked contrast. While Mrs. De Lisle never approached the subject in a way to invite communication, Mrs. Anthony, in the most adroit and insinuating manner, almost compelled a certain degree of confidence—or at least admission that there was not, and never could be, any interior conjunction between herself and husband.

Mrs. Anthony was a highly intellectual and cultivated woman, with fascinating manners, a strong will, and singularly fine conversational powers. She usually exercised a controlling influence over all with whom she associated.—Happy was it for Mrs. Dexter that a friend like Mrs. De Lisle came to her in the right time, and filled her mind with right principles for her own pure instincts to rest upon as an immovable foundation.

An hour spent in company with Mrs. Anthony always left Mrs. Dexter in a state of disquietude, and suffering from a sense of restriction and wrong. A feeling of alienation from her husband ever accompanied this state, and her spirit beat itself about, striking against the bars of conventional usage, until the bruised wings quivered with pain. But an hour spent with Mrs. De Lisle left her in a very different state. True thoughts were stirred, and the soul lifted upwards into regions of light and beauty. There was no grovelling about the earth, no fanning of selfish fires into smoky flames, no probing of half closed wounds until the soul writhed in a new-born anguish—but, instead, hopeful words, lessons of duty, and the introduction of an ennobling spiritual philosophy, that gave strength and tranquillity for the present, and promised the soul's highest fruition in the surely coming future.

Both Mrs. De Lisle and Mrs. Anthony were at Saratoga. The announcement of Mrs. Dexter that she was going to leave for Newport to suddenly, surprised them both, as it had been understood that she was to remain for some time longer.

"My husband wishes to visit Newport now," was the answer of Mrs. Dexter to the surprised exclamation of Mrs. Anthony.

"Tell him that you wish to remain here," replied Mrs. Anthony.

"He is not well, and thinks the sea air will do him good."

"Not well! I met him an hour ago, and never saw him looking better in my life. Do you believe him?"

"Why not?" asked Mrs. Dexter.

Her friend laughed lightly, and then murmured—

"Simpleton! He's only jealous, and wants to get you away from your admirers. Don't go!"

Mrs. Dexter laughed with affected indifference, but her color rose.

"You wrong him," she said.

"Not I," was answered. "The signs are too apparent. I am a close observer, my dear Mrs. Dexter, and know the meaning of most things that happen to fall within the range of my observation. Your husband is jealous. The next move will be to shut you up in your chamber, and set a guard before the house. Now, if you will take my advice, you'll say to this unreasonable lord and master of yours, 'Please to wait, sir, until I am ready to leave Saratoga. It doesn't suit me to do so just now. If you need the sea, run away to Newport and get a dash of old ocean. I require Congress water a little longer.' That's the way to talk, my little lady. But don't, for Heaven's sake! begin to humor his capricious fancies. If you do, it's all over."

Mrs. De Lisle was present, but made no remark. Mrs. Dexter parried her friend's admonition with playful words.

"Will you come to my room when disengaged?" said the former, as she rose to leave the parlor where they had been sitting.

"I will."

Mrs. De Lisle withdrew.

"You'll get a sermon on obedience to husbands," said Mrs. Anthony, tossing her head, and smiling a pretty, half sarcastic smile. "I've one great objection to our friend."

"What is it?" inquired Mrs. Dexter.

"She's too proper."

"She's good," said Mrs. Dexter.

"I'll grant that; but then she's too good for me. I like a little wickedness sometimes. It's spicy, and gives a flavor to character."

Mrs. Anthony laughed one of her musical laughs. But growing serious in a moment, she said—

"Now, don't let her persuade you to humor that capricious husband of yours. You are something more than an appendage to the man. God gave you mind and heart, and created you an independent being. And a man is nothing superior to this, that he should attempt to lord it over his equal. I have many times watched the progress of this most cruel and exacting of all tyrannies, and have yet to see the case where the yielding wife could ever yield enough. Take counsel in time, my friend. Successful resistance now, will cost but a trifling effort."

Mrs. Dexter neither accepted nor repelled the advice. But her countenance showed that the remarks of Mrs. Anthony gave no very pleasant hue to her thoughts.

"Excuse me," she said, rising, "I must see Mrs. De Lisle."

Mrs. Anthony raised her finger, and gave Mrs. Dexter a warning look, as she uttered the words—

"Don't forget."

"I won't," was answered.

Mrs. De Lisle received her with a serious countenance.

"You go to Newport in the morning?" she spoke, half-questioning and half in doubt.

"Yes."

The countenance of Mrs. De Lisle brightened.

"I thought," she said, after a pause, "that I knew you."

She stopped, as if in doubt whether to go on.

Mrs. Dexter looked into her face a moment.

"You understand me?" Mrs. De Lisle added.

"I do."

Mrs. Dexter betrayed unusual emotion.

"Forgive me," said her friend, "if I have ventured on too sacred ground. You know how deeply I am interested in you."

Tears filled the eyes of Mrs. Dexter; her lips quivered; every muscle of her face betrayed an inward struggle.

"Dear friend!" Mrs. De Lisle reached out her hands, and Mrs. Dexter leaned forward against her, hiding her face upon her breast. And now strong spasms thrilled her frame; and in weakness she wept—wept a long, long time. Nature had her way. But emotion spent itself, and a deep calm followed.

"Dear, patient, much enduring, true hearted friend!"

Mrs. De Lisle spoke almost in a whisper, her lips close to the ear of Mrs. Dexter. The words, or at least some of them, had the effect to rouse the latter from her half lethargic condition. Lifting her face from the bosom of her friend, she looked up and said,

"Patient? Much enduring!"

"Is it not so? God give you wisdom, hope, triumph! I have looked into your heart many times, Mrs. Dexter. Not curiously, not as a study, not to see how well you could hide from common eyes its hidden anguish, but in deep and loving compassion, and with a strong desire to help and counsel. Will you admit me to a more sacred friendship?"

"Oh, yes! Gladly! Thankfully!" replied Mrs. Dexter. "How many, many times have I desired to open my heart to you; but dared not. Now if you have its secret, gained by no purposed act of mine, I will accept the aid and counsel."

"You do not love," said Mrs. De Lisle—not in strong, emphatic utterance—not even calmly—but in a low, almost reluctant voice.

"I am capable of the deepest love," was answered.

"I know it."

"What then?" Mrs. Dexter spoke with some eagerness.

"You are a wife."

"I am," with coldness.

"By your own consent?"

"It was extorted. But no matter. I accepted my present relation; and I mean to abide the contract. Oh, my friend! you know not the pain I feel in thus speaking, even to you. This is a subject over which I drew the veil of what I thought to be eternal silence. You have pushed it aside—not roughly, not with idle curiosity, but as a loving friend and counsellor. And now if you can impart strength or comfort do so; for both are needed."

"The language of Mrs. Anthony pained me," said Mrs. De Lisle.

"Not more than it pained me," was the simple answer.

"And yet, Mrs. Dexter, though I observed you closely, I did not see the indignant flush on your face, that I had hoped to see mantling here."

"It was a simple schooling of the exterior. I felt that she was venturing on improper ground; but I did not care to let my real sentiments appear. Mrs. Anthony lacks delicacy in some things."

"Her remarks I regarded as an outrage. But seriously, Mrs. Dexter, is your husband so much inclined to jealousy?"

"I am afraid so."

"Do you think his purpose to leave Saratoga in the morning, springs from this cause?"

"I am not aware of any circumstance that should give rise to sudden apprehension in his mind. There is no one that I have remarked as offering me particular attentions. I am here, and cannot help the fact that gentlemen of superior taste, education, and high mental accomplishments, seem pleased with my society. I like to meet such persons—I enjoy the intercourse of mind with mind. It is the only compensating life I have. In it I forget for a little while my heart's desolation. In all that it is possible for me to be true to my husband, I am true; and I pray always that God will give me strength to endure even unto the end. His fears wrong me! There is not one of the scores of attractive men who crowd around me in public, who has the power, by look, or word, or action, to stir my heart with even the lightest throb of tender feeling. I have locked the door, and the key is hidden."

Mrs. De Lisle did not answer, for some time.

"Your high sense of honor, pure heart, and womanly perceptions, are guiding you right, I see;" she then remarked, "the ordeal is terrible; but you will pass through unscathed."

"I trust so!" was murmured in a sad voice; "I trust to keep my garments unspotted. Without blame, or suspicion of wrong, I cannot hope to move onward in my difficult way. Nor can I always hope to be patient under captious treatment, and intimations of unfaithfulness. The last will doubtless come; for when the fiend jealousy has enthroned itself in a man's heart, the most common-place actions may be construed into guilty concessions. All this will be deeply humiliating; and I know myself well enough to apprehend occasional indignant reactions, or cool defiances. I possess a high, proud spirit, which if fairly raised, is certain to lead me into stubborn resistance. So far I have managed to hold this spirit in abeyance; but if matters progress as they have begun, the climax of endurance will ere long be reached."

"Great circumspection on your part, will be needed," said Mrs. De Lisle. "Remember always, your obligations as a wife. In consenting to enter into the most solemn human compact that is ever made, you assumed a position that gave you power over the happiness of another. If, as I gather from some things you have said, you went to the altar under constraint, an unloving bride, so much the more binding on you are the promises then made to seek your husband's happiness—even at the sacrifice of your own. In that act you wronged him—wronged him as no woman has a right to wrong any man, and you can never do enough by way of reparation."

"I was wronged," said Mrs. Dexter, her glance brightening, and a warmth, like indignation, in her voice; "for I was dragged to that marriage altar against my will, and almost under protest. Mr. Dexter knew that my heart was not his."

"You were a free woman!" replied Mrs. De Lisle.

"I was not free," Mrs. Dexter answered.

"Not free? Who or what constrained you to such an act?"

"My honor. In a moment of weakness, and under the fascination of a strong masculine will, I plighted faith with Mr. Dexter. He knew at the time that I did not love him as a woman should love the man she consents to marry. He knew that he was extorting an unwilling consent. And just so far he took an unmanly advantage of a weak young girl. But the contract once made, truth and honor required its fulfillment. At least, so said my aunt, to whom alone I confided my secret; and so said my stern convictions of duty."

"So far from that," replied Mrs. De Lisle, "truth and honor required its non-fulfillment; for neither in truth nor in honor, could you take the marriage vows."

The directness with which Mrs. De Lisle stated this position of the case, startled her auditor.

"Is it not so?" was calmly asked. "You are too much in the habit of looking below the surface of things, to regard the formula of marriage as an unmeaning array of words. In their full signification, you could not utter the sentences you were required to speak—how then, as regarding truth and honor, could you pronounce them in that act of your life which, of all others, should have been most without guile? I would have torn all such extorted promises into a thousand tatters, and scattered them to the winds! The dishonor of breaking them were nothing to the wrong of fulfillment. Witness your unhappy lives!"

"Would to heaven you had been the friend of my girlhood!"

It was all the reply Mrs. Dexter made, as she bowed her head, like one pressed down by a heavy burden.

"You will now comprehend, more clearly than before," Mrs. De Lisle said, "your present duty to your husband. He thought that he was gaining a wife, and you, in wedding him, promised to him to be a wife—promised, with a deep conviction in your soul that the words were empty utterances. The case is a sad one, viewed in any aspect; but pardon me for saying, that you were most to blame. He was an ardent lover, whom you had fascinated; a man of superficial character, and not competent, at the time, to weigh the consequences of an act he was so eager to precipitate. To possess, he imagined was to enjoy. But you were better versed in the heart's lore, and knew he would wake up, ere many moons had passed, to the sad discovery that what he had wooed as substance was only a cheating shadow. And he is waking up. Every day he is becoming more and more clearly convinced that you do not love him, and can never be to him the wife he had fondly hoped to gain. Have you not laid upon yourself a binding obligation? Is it a light thing so to mar the whole life of a man? Your duty is plain, Mrs. Dexter. Yield all to him you can, and put on towards him always the sunniest aspects and gentlest semblances of your character. If he is capricious, humor him; if suspicious, act with all promptness in removing suspicion to the extent of your power. Make soft the links of the chain that binds you together, with downy coverings. Truth, honor, duty, religion, all require this."

"Dear friend!" said Mrs. Dexter, grasping the hand of Mrs. De Lisle, "you have lifted me out of a thick atmosphere, through which my eyes saw everything in an uncertain light, up into a clear seeing region. Yes, truth, honor, duty, religion, all speak to my convictions; and with all the truth that in me lieth, will I obey their voice. But love is impossible, and its semblance in me is so faint that my husband cannot see the likeness. There lies the difficulty. He wants a fond, tender, loving wife—a pet and a plaything. These he can never find in me; for, Heaven help me! Mrs. De Lisle, his sphere grows more and more repulsive every day, and I shudder sometimes at the thought of unmitigated disgust!"

"Do your best, my friend," was the answer of Mrs. De Lisle. "Fill, to the utmost of your ability, all your wifely relations, and seek to develope in your husband those higher qualities of thought and feeling to which your spirit can attach itself. And above all, do not listen to such erroneous counsels as Mrs. Anthony gave just now. If followed, they will surely produce a harvest of misery."

"Thanks, good counsellor! I will heed your words. They come in the right time, and strengthen my better purposes," said Mrs. Dexter. "To-morrow I shall leave with my husband for Newport, and he shall see in me no sign of reluctance. Nor do I care, except to leave your company. I shall find as much else to keep my thoughts busy at Newport as here."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ This world is a serious world, and human life and business are also serious matters—not to be trifled with, nor cheated by sham and hypocrisies, but to be dealt with in all truth, soberness and sincerity. No one can thus deal with it who is not himself possessed of these qualities, and the result of a life is the test of what virtue there is in it. False men leave no mark. It is truth alone which does the masonry of the world—which founds empires, and builds cities, and establishes laws, commerce, and civilization.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

☞ Children and fools, says an old adage, always tell the truth. "Mother sent me," said a little girl to a neighbor, "to come and ask you to take tea with her this evening." "Did she say at what time, my dear?" "No, ma'am—she only said she would ask you, and then the thing would be off her mind; that's all she said."

☞ Hospitality is commanded to be exercised even towards an enemy when he cometh to thy house. The tree doth not withdraw its shade even from the wood-cutter.

☞ When thou art buying a horse or choosing a wife, shut thine eyes and commend thyself to God.—*Tuscan Proverb.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1858.

All the Contents of THE POST are set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS, &c.

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

AN INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT LAW.

Having seen it stated that a new effort is to be made at the present session of Congress, to enact an International Copyright Law in favor of British authors, we think it well to submit to the public and to our brethren of the press some considerations upon the subject.

Before our Government resolves to give the authors of England and other foreign countries a copyright in the United States, it should be shown either that said authors have a fair claim in justice to such a privilege, or that the readers of America are to be benefitted by the proposed measure. Let us consider how far either of these can be shown.

In the first place then, as to the rights of authors to their productions. It is generally claimed by the friends of an International Copyright Law, that an author has the same right to his ideas that the owner of a plough has to his plough. But is this the case? If it is, then everybody who puts forth a new idea has the right to its use to the exclusion of everybody else. B is a farmer, and hits upon a better way of managing his lands than the old one. His neighbors, seeing his success, begin to imitate his example. Are they infringing upon the natural right of B to his idea—and should the law recognize that right of B, by forbidding them to appropriate his idea, unless they are able to gain his consent to their so doing by the payment of a certain sum of money annually?

A natural right to the ownership of ideas! Such a doctrine, if admitted, would lead to some singular results. It would be a bar in the way of all improvements whatsoever. A man invents some new labor-saving machine. It may be one which completely annihilates the old modes of doing certain things, rendering machinery worthless to the extent of hundreds of thousands of dollars, and throwing thousands of laborers temporarily out of employment. If he have a *natural* right to his idea—if he have the same right to it that a farmer has to his land or to his plough—he can appropriate it to himself all his life, and, dying, leave it to his heirs to the thirtieth generation! Suppose every utensil, tool, machine, and improved method now in use, as well as every book, were burdened with a tax payable to the heirs of the inventors and authors. These heirs would constitute an aristocracy that would weigh heavily—if not destructively—upon the industry and intellectual advancement of the world. And yet, if we once admit any such right of property in ideas as we admit in material things, we admit that all this ought of right to be.

It will therefore be seen, upon a little reflection, that there can be no natural right of property in ideas. Material things are the subjects of property, but not spiritual things. We see at once that just in proportion to the spirituality of an idea does it disdain and abhor to be bought and sold. "Thy money perish with thee," said the Apostle, to one who thought that high spiritual gifts were to be purchased with "filthy lucre." Think, for a moment, of an Inspired Apostle, charged with a message of infinite importance to mankind, and offering to sell it at so much a page! And yet even Apostles must eat and be clothed—must have their wages, in one sense, sufficient to enable them to hold body and soul together long enough to deliver their message—but not in *payment* for it—not in satisfaction of their natural right to it—no, woe to them if they deliver it not, whether they receive in return respectful and considerate treatment, or stripes and death.

Many of our authors now-a-days claim for their messages a very high spiritual character—let them consider that, just in proportion to the spiritual importance of their writings, have they no natural right of property in them.

But it would be impossible to carry out in *practice* this notion of a natural right of property in ideas, even if we admitted it theoretically. Who has a really original idea? Mr. Dickens writes good novels—but let him keep strictly to his own ideas, and can he write a book at all? A great obstacle meets him at the commencement—he must write it in some language that his fellow men can understand. But the moment he begins to clothe his thoughts in the English language, for instance, he is committing theft. That English language is the product of the thought and use of millions of minds. If he claims a natural right to his idea, let him not mix it up with the ideas of other men. "Thou that sayest another should not steal, dost thou steal?" Therefore Mr. Dickens, if he would have his natural right of property respected, must keep his original ideas separate from those of other minds.

"*His original ideas!*" Has Mr. Dickens, or any other author, one truly original idea? We doubt it. If he has, he cannot utter or pen it. For the moment he puts it in words, he puts it in other men's moulds—and it must perforce lose something of its originality by adapting itself to the productions of others.

Therefore it is evident that no author can even *begin* to write an original book. Even were his manufacture original, the raw material is all stolen. And his natural right to the product is about equivalent to that of a manufacturer in the cloth made of stolen wool or cotton.

But, overlooking this vital objection, the author's book comes before us. We say to him:—You that claim a natural right of property in this work (of which all the raw material is stolen), have you respected in its composition the rights of property of other men? Of course he answers, with the modesty peculiar to his class, proudly and confidently in the affirmative. We open the book—and what do we find? A thing of shreds and patches—a homogeneous or, more likely, heterogeneous collection of ideas and dead skeletons of ideas—and, apparently, every thing in the book, even to the dead skeletons, stolen! We wonder at the brazen impudence or the stolid ignorance that could attempt to palm off such a work as original, and claim a natural right of property in it! We exclaim indignantly:—This work original, is it? Look!—That idea is in Milton, that in Shakespeare, that in Scott, that in Pope, that in Byron, that in Swift, that in Bulwer, that in Charles Lamb—and they all stole them, before you, from the Greeks and Romans—who probably stole them from the Egyptians, and they, it may be, from somebody else. And you claim a natural right of property in this work, as in your own ideas! Why, if there be a single original idea, or half-idea, in the book, it is so blended and confused with the ideas of other men, that we cannot tell where theirs end and yours begins. Bring us your idea separate and distinct, and we will acknowledge your right of property in it. This is the rule always applied to material things. No man's right of property to a house is acknowledged, when it can be proved that he stole the bricks, stole the lumber, stole the furniture, and stole ninety-nine hundredths of the labor in it—to say nothing of his having, to begin with, stole the land upon which it is erected.

But we think what we have said is sufficient to convince any reasonable man that the doctrine of the natural right of property in ideas is totally untenable. That there is no such right in the first place—that it is a great blessing there is not—and that, if there were, it would be impossible to give it a practical application. We shall reserve the consideration of the principle upon which all copy-rights and patents really rest, as well as of the other principles and expediencies involved in this subject, to a future occasion.

THE BANK OF PENNSYLVANIA—LETTER FROM MR. ALLIBONE.—The recent report of the Commissioners to the Governor, respecting the condition of the Bank of Pennsylvania, may be stated briefly as follows:—

Assets, - - - - -	$2,768,921 14
Liabilities, - - - - -	2,077,057 25

If the above assets are not greatly reduced in the realization of them—and if a dishonored bill of exchange for $250,000, for which the bank is "contingently liable," has not to be paid—there will be a surplus to divide among the stockholders of, say $600,000, or about one-third the value of their stock.

But probably these assets will be greatly reduced—though the Commissioners say that they found in possession of the bank a large amount of broken bank, railroad, and canal stock, the accumulation of years, *which they did not deem of any value, and made no account of in their general estimate. These stocks must be very bad indeed, if they are worth literally nothing.*

But we fear that the stockholders will not receive what they ought to from the assets of the bank. Unless they are uncommonly watchful and determined, a very large proportion of the assets will melt away in the process of settling up its affairs, as the assets of the United States Bank are said to have done.

Mr. Allibone published a letter to the public soon after his arrival in this city, soliciting in fact, though not in words, a suspension of public opinion for the present. He says that more than one-half of the stock of the bank is owned by himself and his friends. The most noticeable paragraphs of his letter are the following:—

I am informed that charges of all kinds have been made against me. That I have been charged with having been engaged in speculations in cotton, in sugar, and in nearly every other thing—of having loaned vast sums of money belonging to the bank for such purposes, and with having been myself interested in the operations. *Which, however supported, I do most solemnly deny.* And I do further aver, that in all of my transactions at the bank, I have been governed by strict rectitude of purpose. *Who* is it that has found it necessary to cover guilt by creating a clamor against one whose absence and illness rendered it doubtful if he would live to defend himself, may hereafter be manifested. I hope that, notwithstanding the cunning which has marked his or their proceedings, that they will yet be discovered.

The scheme used to divert honorable men on a wrong scent, did, from the peculiar state of things, succeed for a time. It is not my purpose, in vindication of myself, to criminate others, and I shall make no charges without just grounds.

It is in Mr. Allibone's favor that he has hurried home as speedily as possible. This of itself entitles him to Fair Play. Let him have it; it is his right. But that there has been villainy practiced, all admit. If Mr. Allibone is not, who is, the villain? Can he answer that question? We shall see.

MISS HARRIET HOSMER'S STATUE OF BEATRICE CENCI, sleeping on the eve of her execution, now on exhibition at Mr. Earle's gallery in Chestnut street in this city, deserves the attention of the art-loving portion of the public. The story of Beatrice Cenci is best known to most persons through the masterly tragedy by Shelley; and her memory, already commemorated by a picture from the hand of Guido, has received in this statue hardly a less beautiful memorial. The position, though exceedingly natural and unconstrained, is open to some objections on artistic considerations, but the face is a dream of perfect and pathetic sweetness, and touches the eye of the gazer as sad music touches the ear. Miss Hosmer is now at Rome, and the proceeds of this exhibition—the admission fee being twenty-five cents—are to be devoted to the furtherance of her studies in that city.

THE OPERA.—Another desperate attempt is now being made to establish the Opera in this city. Its friends deserve success, even if they do not succeed in achieving it. Of course we wish them all the good luck imaginable—still adhering however to our old opinion of the practicability of what they have undertaken. Why even in France and Germany, if we are not mistaken, the Opera could not live without regular government support. But we shall see what we shall see.

CONGRESSIONAL EULOGIUMS.

The members of Congress may be very wise men in all matters appertaining to politics and statesmanship, but it would be well if they could be persuaded either to leave some other subjects entirely alone, or else treat them with exceeding brevity and simplicity. We allude to subjects which require great refinement of thought and feeling to handle properly—and which when not touched with a very judicious hand, become more ludicrous than impressive.

Judging from the rashness with which the practice of eulogizing the virtues of their departed legislative brethren is indulged in both by Senators and Representatives, it is fair to infer that the delivery of an appropriate eulogy upon the dead, is considered one of the easiest efforts in the whole range of oratory. And yet every refined and discriminating mind knows that it is one of the most difficult. But our Congressional Ciceros stop at nothing. They hesitate not even where the mode of a brother's death is such as properly to enjoin greater carefulness than usual in the words which are spoken. But a proper delicacy seems to be as inappreciable by them as a proper consistency. The extravagant laudation of the dead is only equalled by the extravagant abuse of the living. The readers of the Congressional debates are called upon to revere often as a saint, one whom but a few months before was denounced perhaps as a demagogue and a ruffian. They know not what to do with such inconsistent treatment. If all the dead Congressmen are the noblest and most inflexible of patriots, how is it that all living Congressmen are represented as so lost to honesty and virtue?

We believe that it was John Randolph who first used the term "sophomorical" as expressive of that kind of eloquence which school boys are apt to indulge in—if it was, we can well understand how his necessities, as the bearer of many such speeches, doubtless forced the coinage of a new word upon his discriminating ear.

THE CITY RAILROAD.—This—the first of Philadelphia passenger railroads—located in Fifth and Sixth streets, is now in successful operation—though the track to Frankford is not yet completed. The cars run down Sixth street and up Fifth—the whole distance being between seven and eight miles. The fare is five cents for any distance. The cars are crowded daily—and the general verdict is entirely in their favor. They are far pleasanter to ride in than the jolting, noisy omnibuses. They are fourteen feet six inches in length, seven feet in width, and have *seats* for 24 persons, (excluding ladies with hoops), and *places* (sitting and standing) for sixty, counting the room on the platforms. The cars are of very easy access, being only twenty-two inches from the ground. The rails are found to give very little trouble in the streets. The first day the cars ran, the Company took in $600—showing that they carried 12,000 passengers.

We hope that large class of people in this city, who are always up in arms when any new thing is proposed, will take a lesson from the now demonstrated folly of their violent opposition to this city railroad.

FLOGGING IN THE NAVY.—Considering that THE POST was a constant and warm advocate, for years, of the abolition of flogging in the Navy, we may be allowed to feel some pleasure in quoting the following extract of a letter written on board the U. S. frigate Congress, which has just arrived at this port, after a cruise of two years and a-half:

The new mode of discipline without flogging, is producing a rapid and decided change in the character of seamen; and in almost every particular the change is of the most desirable nature. There is perhaps less promptness and energy in the movements of some who formerly jumped at the ropes from fear of the "cats," and that class of reckless, bold and dare-devil spirits who seemed to their native element only when the storm was highest, and howled through the rigging with most terrific violence, is to some extent passing away. But there is rising in its place a self-respect and intelligent manliness, a reliable fidelity, a sympathy with their fellowmen, and a desire for their regard, which is full of promise. Considering the grade of society from which seamen ordinarily come, and the motives which lead the great majority to seek the service, it is surprising that the improvement in their character should have been as great as those most experienced declare it to be.

EDITORIAL ABILITY.—A small but bitter war is waging between certain papers in New York and Boston, upon the subject of what constitutes true editorial ability. The Bostonians contend that the true test of editorial qualification is the knowing what ought *not* to go into a paper—while the New Yorkers contend that the true test is the knowing what ought to go in.

It is evident that both parties are right and both wrong. The true test is, to know both what should be, and what should not be published. The New York editors are notoriously deficient in the latter knowledge—and, as one consequence, their city is becoming a hotbed of vice and crime. Worse than the effects of all the yellow-covered Fictions in existence, are the corrupt results of their widely disseminated literature of Actual Crime.

"ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE."—An English correspondent writes, respecting the poet laureate, it is no secret that he is an almost hopeless victim to the use of opium. Tennyson is living on a beautiful little estate on the Isle of Wight, though he has been at the Lakes for some time past. The author of the "Princess" has a decided African head, anything but a handsome face, and very sensual lips.

Statements like the above must be received with some degree of allowance. Many small wits think it a very amusing thing to start such reports—*amusing* in proportion to their want of foundation. We are informed that a long letter which recently appeared in a contemporary of this city, purporting to give an account of a visit to Tennyson in the Isle of Wight, was entirely fictitious.

FOWLS.—The *Scientific American* says that milk should always be boiled before use. It says, "For our own part, we should about as soon eat raw flesh as raw or unboiled milk, and we think this will be the experience of any one who will adopt the practice of boiling all milk designed for food."

Amusing that—the endeavor to enlighten the world as to the unwholesome qualities of "raw or unboiled milk," a fluid which has been in common use for some years, if not longer. What does our contemporary think of "raw or unboiled *water*?" Is it not full of dirty little animalcules—"raw flesh"—that require cooking before eating?

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 324—Adults 70, and children 105.

THE GOVERNOR'S MANSION.—The House of Representatives, last week, finally united with the Senate in the bill to purchase Mr. Worrel's house on the river front at Harrisburg. We trust that if this residence be, as has been alleged, unhealthy, and not sufficiently commodious, the necessary funds will not be grudged by the Legislature to erect a suitable mansion.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. (Tichnor & Fields, Boston, T. B. Peterson, Philada.,) are now gathered into two little volumes, pocket size, but in large type, and bound in the famous "blue and gold." Lowell has been so copiously reviewed, and the merits and defects of his muse so often and so thoroughly revealed by all varieties of critics, that it is unnecessary for us to add a single stone to the cairn of his fame, since all persons, friends and foes alike, agree that he is one of the first of American poets, and that his niche in literature is secure.

PETERSON'S PHILADELPHIA COUNTERFEIT DETECTOR AND BANK NOTE LIST, is a new monthly publication, corrected by Drexel & Co., issued by T. B. Peterson, in this city.

ONE WEEK LATER FROM EUROPE.

DEATH OF GEN. HAVELOCK—DEFEAT OF ENGLISH TROOPS—VICTORY OF SIR COLIN CAMPBELL—THE LEVIATHAN NEARLY AFLOAT—DEATH OF THE ACTRESS RACHEL, MARSHAL RADETSKY AND RESCHID PACHA—COTTON DECLINING.

The Royal Mail Steamship Europa, which left Liverpool on Saturday, the 9th inst., arrived at New York on the 24th, bringing one week's later intelligence.

The U. S. frigate Powhatan was at Madeira on the 30th of December.

Gen. Havelock is dead, dysentery being the foe that he had to contend against. *The Advertiser* has a paragraph, stating that Lady Havelock and her daughters are now residing at Bonn, on the Rhine. It is a curious circumstance that, about six or seven weeks ago, Lady Havelock, who, up to that time, cherished the firm conviction that her husband would not only come triumphantly through the campaign, but that she and her daughters should soon meet him in England, then became the victim of a powerful presentiment, of which she was unable to rid herself, that she should hear of his death before many weeks had elapsed. Sir Henry has left three sons and three daughters.

The British troops under Windham have had a battle with the Gwalior contingent, and been beaten. This force is about 8,000 men; the British had three regiments of 2,000 men. The British were obliged to retreat, and the enemy captured all their tents.

Sir Colin Campbell immediately went up to attack the Gwalior contingent, and beat the enemy badly, taking all their cannon.

Mademoiselle Rachel, the actress, is dead.

Reschid Pacha, Grand Vizier of Turkey, died on the 6th inst.

The late earthquake was felt at Rhodes and Brousa.

The Swedish Diet have authorised the government to raise a loan of between £600,000 and £700,000, exclusively for the relief of such members of the commercial body as may be able to deposit security and give full evidence of their solvency. The loan is to be for three years, and is to be raised on any terms the government may deem proper.

The London money market continued to grow easier, and there was still a daily influx of gold to the Bank of England. Under these influences *a further reduction in the rate of discount, from 6 to 5 per cent. took place on the 7th inst.*

A further reduction in the bank rates was anticipated at an early date. Over £700,000 in gold was known to be on the way from Australia. The rate of discount at Hamburg has fallen to 3½ per cent.

A dispatch from Milan, dated the 5th inst., announces that Field-Marshal Radetzky died that morning at 8 o'clock.

The King of Delhi is to be sent down to Allahabad as soon as a sufficient European escort can be spared for that purpose. The male members of the family are, it is said, to be made severe examples of, with the exception of one who is a mere child, and who with childlike simplicity told where the Queen had hidden her jewels.

The Times, referring to the affair of the Gwalior contingent at Cawnpore, remarks that, although it is satisfactory to find that the rebels were crushed after the first victory, yet the assurance we may confidently entertain of our unapproachable superiority should be qualified by the recollection that, at the last moment, and with the worst chances possible, some brigade of fanatical traitors may suddenly take heart, and raise the country in the neighborhood, and put us to the trouble and cost of an unexpected battle.

The Espana, of Madrid, in the course of a long article on President Buchanan's Message, expresses the opinion that the Spanish Government will continue firm in its refusal to grant satisfaction to the United States in the affair of the El Dorado, since no insult had been committed, and that it will energetically reject the insulting proposition relative to Cuba.

The launching of the Leviathan has been continued. The total result was an advance of 12 feet 8 inches aft, and 11 feet forward—the vibration of the earth consequent upon each slip of the vessel was more violent and more continuous than has ever been experienced at the yard hitherto. As she has now ninety feet to overcome, she may be expected to be down to low water mark in nine days.

The Bank of England returns for the week ending the 6th, inclusive, shows an increase in the bullion of £1,186,234, the total amount held being £12,643,193, an increase of over five and a quarter millions in the space of five weeks.

The returns of employment in the cotton mills of Manchester show a gratifying improvement, the number of hands working full time being largely on the increase.

Among the measures of relief, a negotiation is spoken of as going on between the Bank of France and the National Discount Office, for the advance of 60,000,000 francs to Paris merchants on the security of goods in store. Very little business was done in brandies, and prices generally had a downward tendency.

Trade at Lyons began to revive, and a better demand had sprung up in the silk markets of the South.

THE MARKETS.—LIVERPOOL, Saturday, Jan. 23.—The cotton market to-day shows a declining tendency, and the quotations of yesterday, are barely maintained.

LIVERPOOL BREADSTUFFS MARKET, Jan 8.—The circular of Messrs. Richardson, Spence & Co., quote the markets opening with an advance on all descriptions, but the advance was subsequently lost. Flour opened 6d higher, but closed with a decline of 6d @ 1s, and very dull.

Wheat opened 2d. higher, but this was lost. Corn closed dull and 6d. lower.

LIVERPOOL PROVISION MARKET, Jan. 8.—Provisions closed quiet. Beef is quiet, and fair and middling qualities are improved. Pork is quiet; lards steady. Lard firm, and there is more doing, at 50s@s. Cheese has advanced from 3d. to 5d. Tallow—All qualities considerably advanced.

LIVERPOOL PRODUCE MARKET, Jan. 8.—Sugar closes buoyant, at 2s. 6d. advance for the fortnight. Coffee firm. Rice firm at 6d @s. advance. Rosin firm. Spirits of Turpentine steady. Petroleum, 1s. 6d.; Pearls, 30s. 6d. to 32s.

LONDON MARKETS, Jan 8.—Messrs. Baring Clearing quotes Wheat firm, at 1s. 2d. advance. Corn has advanced 1s. 2d.; but closed heavy. Coffee has a considerable advance. Tea is also higher. Iron is in fair demand, at £6 5s. £6 10s. for rails and bars.

A MISSING STEAMSHIP.—NEW YORK, Jan. 24.—The steamship Europa, contrary to general expectation, brings no intelligence of the missing steamship Ariel. She is now out twenty-five days from Southampton, and there is much anxiety with regard to her. Mr. Vanderbilt has been solicited to send a steamship in search of her.

☞ There is no grave so desolate that flowers will not at last spring on it.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

NEW YEAR GAIETIES—THE REVERSE OF THE MEDAL—AN EXCITEMENT IN AUGSBURG—BRAVE HEARTS THE GENTLEST—THE EMPRESS'S NECKLACE—A BIT OF FRENCH VANITY—A SINGULAR SECT—OUR PLACE IN THE CALENDAR.

Paris, December 31, 1857.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

Paris never looked gayer than at this moment. The show-off of Christmas grandeurs is unusually splendid, and from one end of the Boulevards to the other the pavements are literally crowded with buyers. A double row of carriages may be seen, day after day, drawn up on each side of this unrivalled street: their elegantly-dressed owners being as busy in making their purchases in the magnificent shops as are their humbler fellow-mortals in buying at the long lines of booths outside. As to crossing the Boulevards, such is the rapidity and closeness with which the carriages follow one another, that one attempts the passage at the peril of one's life. Yesterday evening, just before dusk, I thought as I looked on this brilliant scene, the gay crowds, the masses of lamps just being lighted, and bringing out the long branching lines of the streets, with the handsome buildings, softened by the faint beginning of the fog that has taken to visiting us so regularly every evening, and the great round moon, seeming to take a pleasure in watching all the lively doings beneath her, that I had never seen Paris appear to more brilliant advantage. A perfect frenzy of buying seems to have seized on the Parisians; and it is thought that the amount of the New Year's sales this season will fall but little short of fifteen millions! So "hard" as the "times" are, this will be a windfall to the working population. There are no less than 2,000 families in this city who live exclusively by doll making; Liege and Plombières manufacture, annually, children's guns to the amount of a million of francs, of which probably one half are sold in Paris. A little cannon now for sale in a toy shop in the Passage Virienne is marked at $500. The favorite toys this year are railway trains, steamboats, dairies, fitted up with all the regular pans and dishes, and little kitchens, with hot dresser saucepans, &c., all complete. Carpenter's tools and a little table for working at with them, are also in high favor with boys. The pretty rose-colored balloon-balls of last year, though still in favor, may now be had for five cents; this time last year, when all Paris was letting them fly, the same pretty toy cost half a dollar.

It is strange to look on this city, so earnest in amusing itself, and that puts on spontaneously such a holiday garb at a moment's notice, and remember what terrible scenes have been enacted, over and over again, in these streets that seem made for dissipation and for pleasure! To think of the balls that have shattered the houses, the corpses that have hung from the lamp-posts, the crowds of infuriated fiends, drunk with the fumes of powder and of blood, that have wreaked their fury on one another, or been swept down in masses by the charge of cavalry, the bayonet and the cannonade! To think of the barricades that have lain, bristling, across the thoroughfares, covered with the dying and the dead, while brothers' hands were turned against each other, and the gutters ran with a crimson tide that the daylight seemed to sicken at the sight of! And to think that all the fierce upheavings have resulted—in what? In the overthrow of all individual liberty, of all national sentiment but that of vanity and a childish craving after "glory:" in a state of general corruption and oblivion of principle that all the charm of their manners and the grace and liveliness of their intellects cannot make up for; and in an impossibility of self-government that will keep them under the heel of their present ruler as long as he escapes the bullet of the assassin: and will throw them, bound hand and foot, without even the guarantee of the Habeas Corpus, at the mercy of whoever chances to get the upper hand, should Louis Napoleon, for the misfortune of France and of her neighbors, be doomed to perish by the personal rancor he has excited!—Considerations which those who love France for the many charming qualities of her children, and would fain see her as happy and as useful as with her brilliant natural gifts she ought to be, cannot help weighing, regretfully, as they look on the brilliant excitement to which Paris seems to give itself up, in balls, theatres, concerts and extravagances of every kind on the approach of the New Year.

The unusual prevalence of fogs, at this season, over most of the Continent, has had a singular result in the old German city of Augsburg, where some miscreants have begun a crusade against the long hair of the ladies. Their plan is to lie in wait for their victims, hold under their noses a bottle of some chemical stuff that produces temporary unconsciousness, and then to cut off their hair. Favored by the fog, they seem to be making a thriving affair of this infamous plan. A few evenings ago, the passers who endeavored to protect a young girl on whose back-hair the scoundrels were operating were put to flight by the exhibition of their pistols. No ladies now venture out of doors without a good escort, the police are patrolling the streets, and the greatest excitement prevails on the subject.

The weather is still very fine; cold, but brilliant, and will aid, it is hoped, in putting an end to the ravages of the fever that has so long been desolating Lisbon. A number of foreign physicians, sent to that capital by their respective governments, to study the malady, with a view to preventing its importation into other countries, have reported that the want of drainage, and other bad physical conditions of Lisbon, have been the cause of the outbreak, and that the malady may be expected to break out afresh with the return of warm weather. It seems that, not only are the drains of that capital insufficient, but so badly constructed that the soil is thoroughly poisoned by the escape of their contents. The water is bad, the air is charged with deadly exhalations, the people are uncleanly in their habits, and careless in their diet. No wonder this new form of fever has been mowing them down by thousands. Nothing can be more beautiful than the conduct of the young King throughout. On one of his recent visits to the hospitals, he saw the trumpeter of a cavalry regiment apparently dying; he went to his bedside, threw his arms round the poor fellow, and cried in a cheerful, kindly voice, "Cheer up, my friend, cheer up! you're not going to die yet. I am sure I shall one of these days hear the sound of your trumpet under my palace-windows!" The sick man seemed to rouse from his stupor at the young King's voice, his eyes opened, and he pressed his sovereign's hands in token of gratitude. From that hour he rallied, and is now out of danger. On another occasion, anxious to satisfy himself as to the fidelity with which his orders were carried out, he let it be announced that he was going to the theatre in state on a certain evening. He went, as announced, but slipped quietly out of his box at the end of the third act, jumped into his carriage, and drove to the military hospital as rapidly as possible. As he had suspected, the physicians and nurses had deserted their posts, the attendants were amusing themselves at cards and in drinking, and the poor patients were utterly neglected. Great was the consternation of the faithless people thus caught by their indignant sovereign, and stringent are the measures adopted by the latter to enforce the due discharge of their duties! It is to be hoped the young monarch will be able to overcome the *vis inertia* so strong in Portugal, and get his capital drained, and the other sanitary measures carried out. But he has a difficult task before him: and one in which his great personal qualities will not suffice without long and resolute effort in keeping ministers, officers, and public, up to an unwelcome task. The Emperor Napoleon has been so much impressed by the fortitude and devotedness displayed by this youngest of sovereigns during this fearful pestilence, that he has directed Count Walsoski to convey to him, through Baron de Paiva, the Portugese minister here, the expression of his sincere admiration. It seems but yesterday since this young man, who has shown himself so nobly courageous in presence of a danger so dreadful to most people, was still so much the boy that he cried on taking leave of Queen Victoria, to whom, as your readers will probably remember, he paid a visit, with his brother, in 1855, before coming to Paris to see the Exhibition. The Queen, in her motherly way, met the two royal brothers like boys, as they were, kissed them both and called them by their Christian names when they entered her presence; and treated them with such unceremonious kindness through their stay, that they did not at all want to go away. Her snatching from his hands a great bunch of grapes which she suddenly discovered the Duke of Oporto to be munching one day, flinging it out of the window, and giving him a good scolding for committing such a piece of imprudence in cholera time, was a fair sample of the way in which she dealt with her youthful hosts; and being treated with such free and easy kindness, they took the greatest possible liking to her, and to all the royal family, declaring that they had enjoyed nothing in all their tour among the other Courts they visited, so much as their stay in England.

Among the gay doings the *beau monde* here is looking forward to, is a grand entertainment the Empress is going to give in honor of the marriage of the Princess Royal of England, for whom she has conceived a great affection. It is thought that only English residents here will be invited to this splendid affair, on which occasion her Imperial Majesty will no doubt come out very strong in the way of jewels, of which her collection is exceedingly magnificent, among them a certain diamond necklace, equally admirable for the worth of the stones, and the splendor of the design and workmanship, which those of your readers who visited the Exhibition just referred to will certainly not have forgotten. This splendid necklace consists of diamonds of all sizes, formed into a superb pattern, the small stones being set in narrow strings that form drooping traceries between the medallions composed of larger ones. This grand affair, one piece of the finest set, and said to have been prepared for her coronation, the Empress only wears on very special occasions. When Jasmin, the renowned provençal barber-poet of Agen, mentioned in a recent letter, was invited to court a year or two ago, the Empress said to him, pointing to the glittering ornament on her neck:

"You see, Monsieur Jasmin, I have put on my grand necklace in your honor!"

The poet, who is a perfectly uncultivated person, as simple and ignorant of the ways and things of the great world as his own razor, looked at the necklace with admiring eyes, and remarked:

"It must have cost a deal of money; a hundred francs, I dare say!"

"Oh, Monsieur Jasmin!" whispered a courtier who stood by him, much shocked at such a guess on the part of the unsophisticated appraiser of jewels, "why, that necklace cost a million!"

"A *million!* that necklace cost a whole MILLION!" cried Jasmin out loud, throwing up his hands and eyes, and quite forgetting in the extremity of his amazement, whatever slight glimmering of the proprieties of courtly etiquette might have been suggested to his mind by the minister charged with his presentation, "*only* to think of it! But what a deal of good might have been done with that million! how many a poor hungry mouth might have been fed with it! Heavens! *a million for a necklace!*"

Among the novelties of the season are the new visiting-cards, with a photographic likeness of the leaver thereof, so small that you need a magnifying-glass to make it well out. Some of them are excessively pretty. They are furnished by the regular photographers at $6 per hundred; and are used among intimate friends only, and principally by artists and others not averse to a little notoriety.

Several literary notabilities here are about to found a new monthly publication, to be called the "Germanic Review," and destined to bring German literature a little nearer the knowledge of French readers. Some very able people are going into it, and the new enterprise, if ably conducted, will probably be both useful and successful. Their prospectus, which is out to-day, is amusingly French in its turn, and in its tone. After stating that the intellectual life of Germany is quite as important as that of England, which has had, for some time past, a French expositor in the *Revue Britannique*, and that it is quite time that France knew something more about it—all of which is undoubtedly true—and after stating that their duty will be not to become the partisans of any special views, but the exponents of all "Germanic ideas," they wind up with the following profession of faith, so peculiarly characteristic of the nation:

"The mission we thus propose to ourselves, though a modest one, is not without its grandeur, for whatever France interests herself in, she sanctions, consecrates, and ennobles. She does not possess a monopoly of ideas, but she imparts to those which she receives and adopts their definitive form and general value. *Gold is often brought to her from abroad in the shape of ingots; but it is she who coins this gold, and makes it circulate through the world.*"

That the French mint has not yet been able to do much towards thus re-coining the mental capital of its Algerine subjects, appears from a recent account of the spasmodic doings of the Arabian convulsionaries, whose prodigious feats struck astonishment, not long ago, into the minds of some friends of mine who have been spending the winter in Algeria, and cannot imagine how these things are done.

"There is," says the *Africain*, "in the *Rue des Zouaves*, at Constantine, not far from the *Rue Perrégaux*, a *mesjid* or chapel, called Sidi-ros-Annabe, from the name of the saint interred there. In this chapel, at three o'clock in the afternoon of every Friday, the convulsionaries may be seen abandoning themselves to the strange influences of their peculiar mania. A troop of men and of young neophytes perform a sort of dance or rather *shake*, to the sound of the tambourine, chanting meanwhile a long litany in tones so lugubrious that they seem to come from another world.

"These preliminary exercises are followed by the performance of feats that remind one of the doings of the followers of the Deacon of Paris in France. Some of them chew the prickly leaf of the Barbary fig: others stick their cheeks full of small iron spikes; others, again, swallow quantities of nails and powdered glass, or devour handfuls of burning coals. These exercises, which are considered as being of the simplest character, are replaced, on grand occasions, by more elaborate horrors performed with two-edged swords, red-hot iron shovels and serpents. The convulsionaries of this chapel are known as *Aissaoua*."

It may be satisfactory to my readers to know that the Year of Grace, 1858, on which we are just entering, is also the Second Year of the 659th Olympiad; that its highest tides will occur on the 15th of March, the 13th of April, the 9th of August, the 7th of September, and the 23d of October; and that no comet is announced for this year: with which important information I herewith close this present letter, most heartily wishing to THE POST and its numerous readers a Happy New Year! QUANTUM.

The Women of Salt Lake Becoming Hard to Rule.

From a speech of Heber Kimball's, in a late number of the Deseret News, we should judge all was not as smooth among the Mormon harems as it should be for the comfort of their lords, during these "piping times of war." Says he:

I heard my leader say, the other day, that he could manage the affairs of this people and of the United States and of Europe with more ease to his mind than he can listen to the little, peevish, trifling complaints that women bring to him. A good deal of it is little peevishness.

What kind of matters do they trouble him with? Why, one woman runs and says, Brother Brigham, my old hen has laid an egg, and I heard that if I set it on one end it would be a hen, and if on the other it would be a rooster—and I want a rooster. That is a sample. I am speaking of this for you to let him alone. If you have difficulties, brethren or sisters, go to your Bishops, and let those Bishops investigate the case, and if it is worthy of his notice, let your Bishop go to Brother Brigham and have his counsel upon it.

I have one or two women that I cannot control, and never did; and I would as soon try to control a rebellious mule as try to control them. I have not given them a word of counsel for the last eight years but what they have murmured us rebelled against it, and called me a hard man. I have not told you who they are, but I know them.

Is it wrong to speak of these things? I have one or two women that I cannot control, and never did. "Do you support them?" says one. Yes, as well as the best women I have; and if you want to know why I do it, it is because I want to get along with it as well as I can in this life; but I can tell you that if the time comes when I am obliged to desert, and lay waste my habitation, I will then log them no more.

Again he says:—

The husband has to learn to give proper counsel and direction: he has to learn how to manage his wives and children; and it takes him some time to learn how to manage wisely, and to bestow comfort upon each member of his family.

It does not trouble some women to follow out the counsel of their husbands, they will serve them in faithfulness, they will honor and respect the power of the priesthood that is upon their husbands. In this respect they do well and enjoy themselves in doing so, as every woman will; but in the relationship that exists *between them and other wives of that man*, you are very apt to see a little discord.

It requires more energy and more strength of purpose in a man to follow out the counsel of one who is just above him, than it does to follow a man that is a long way ahead of him. So it is in regard to the women—they can follow the counsel of their husband and do as he wishes, much better than they can regard one another, but we should do our duty, if not so pleasing to ourselves.

FROM KANSAS.—OFFICIAL RETURNS—FREE-STATE OFFICERS ELECTED—THE LECOMPTON CONSTITUTION.—The St. Louis Democrat has received the official returns of the elections held in Kansas on the 21st of December and 4th of January, and published over the signatures of Gov. Denver and the presiding officers of the territorial legislature.

The vote on the Lecompton Constitution, on the 21st of December, stands as follows:

With slavery,	6,143
Without slavery,	569

The official returns of the election on the 4th, show the success of all the Free-State candidates for State officers, by an average majority of 415.

The legislature will be composed as follows:

	Senate.	House.
Free-State,	13	29
Democrat,	6	15

The majority against the Lecompton Constitution, at the election held on the 4th, is 10,226, the alleged frauds in Oxford, Shawnee and Kickapoo being counted.

Col. Henderson, of Leavenworth, was forcibly taken from the stage, when a few miles from that city, by a party of Free-State men, on the 11th inst., and has not since been heard from. He is said to have been on his way to Washington, with the Lecompton Constitution.

The removal of the territorial legislature from Lecompton to Lawrence was effected by the passage of a bill which Gov. Denver signed, the cause of the change being that Lecompton offered no accommodations for the members and officers. The governor went to Lawrence with the legislature.

At the same time, the Topeka State legislature assembled, elected its officers, and received a message from Gov. Robinson. Many of the members of the regular territorial legislature belong to this body.

WASHINGTON, JAN. 20.—The Lecompton measure was brought up in Cabinet meeting, last evening, (all the members except Attorney General Black being present,) and elicited a warm debate.

It is understood that the President, and Secretaries Cass and Toucey, favored a proposition for the passage of the measure, providing that the first Legislature elected thereafter should submit it to the people; but the remaining members refused their acquiescence, and the subject was dropped.

The friends of the bill which has been introduced into Congress, for appropriating the public lands in limited quantities to actual settlers, say it will immediately become law.

BURR'S CORRESPONDENCE.

A new life of Aaron Burr has recently made its appearance, in which the author has undertaken the difficult task of vindicating Burr's private character, and attempts to throw the blame of misrepresenting that on his literary executor, Matthew L. Davis. The editor of the Albany Evening Journal comes forward in defence of Davis, and says that he was permitted by that gentleman to see Burr's papers while he was constructing his biography, and that from what he saw and read, he is satisfied that Burr was relieved, by the course which Davis pursued, from deep and general execration. He says:

"Col. Burr not only preserved, but with scrupulous care filed the letters he received. His correspondence, especially with the female sex, was extensive. Much of this was evidently with the educated and refined—much of it showing his association with the gifted and the pure of mind—much more with those whom his 'wiles' had undermined and poisoned. These were, however, found in common with letters from an exceptionable class and of an offensive character. All were carefully endorsed, with the places, dates and names of the writers.—Where letters were signed with initials or were anonymous, the full name appeared in Colonel Burr's handwriting. With many of these letters were copies of Col. B.'s replies. We remember a most interesting series between Col. Burr and a West Indian lady of high culture, taste and purity, who for a long time combated and resisted the false and fatal teachings of the tempter, only in the end to exemplify the experience of those who 'first endure and then embrace' error.

"The night before Col. Burr met Gen. Hamilton, he wrote a letter to his daughter Theodosia (Mrs. Alston), in which he bequeathed his correspondence, contained, as he says, 'in six blue boxes,' to her, with the request that those which would injure the writers should be burned. In his will, referring to these blue boxes again, as containing his 'Confidential Female Correspondence,' he says to his daughter:—'You will find in them something to amuse, much to instruct, and more to forgive.'

"But as Gen. Hamilton, instead of Col. Burr, fell, these 'blue boxes' remained in the possession of Col. Burr, and came, after his death, into the hands of his 'literary executor.'

"Like Thomas Moore, who suppressed the personal memoirs of Lord Byron, Mr. Davis, governed by a kindred sense of what was due to society, is entitled to commendation, rather than reproach. Nor was the sacrifice an inexpensive one. Mr. Davis was tempted, by large pecuniary offers, to give this correspondence to the public. The late M. M. Noah, we remember as among those who offered Mr. Davis a handsome sum for the letters. But he always, and with great emphasis, declared that they should never appear, either to blast Col. Burr, or wound the feelings of persons whom they compromised.

"Some of these letters were returned by Mr. Davis, in carefully sealed packages, to persons remotely connected with the writers. A person in Virginia, after Colonel Burr's death, wrote to his 'Literary Executor,' asking that if letters, concerning his family, should be found among his papers, they might be delivered to a distinguished Virginian then in New York, which request was complied with. Mr. Davis himself delivered a package of letters to the lady by whom they were written: and he requested the writer of this article to make similar restitution of another package. But that too delicate commission was declined."

NEWS FROM UTAH.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 23.—Dispatches have been received at the War Department from Colonel Johnston, dated Nov. 30th, which confirm the previous reports of excessive suffering and great loss of the draught animals, by snow storms, cold and starvation. A sufficient number of oxen, though poor, have been saved to supply the proportions of the rations for six days in the week, and there is on hand bacon sufficient for one day in each week for seven months. There is also flour and small rations for the same period.

The storms dealt roughly with Col. Cook's command. He lost half of his horses, besides a number of mules. A farther advance toward Salt Lake City cannot be made without a new supply of such animals, a measure which Capt. Marcy has been dispatched to New Mexico, for now in the early spring, when the army with a volunteer force of 2,000 men will resume the march as soon as supplied with horses and mules, and the grass on the mountains is sufficient to supply them.

Two volunteer companies have been mustered into service for nine months, and it is expected that in a few days two more companies will be mustered in.

The troops have borne the dangers and privations of the march with patience and cheerfulness, and are in fine health, though some of the regiments are still suffering from frosted limbs.

The Quartermaster General of the U. S. Army reports that either the operations against the Mormons from the Pacific side, or an increase of the force sent against them from this side will make necessary a still further increase of appropriations, besides that required to meet the present deficiency, which is nearly seven millions.

THE RED PETTICOATS.—There is an English literary lady now in Washington, whose dress, known in London as the "peasant costume," has caused quite a stir among the fashionables. The dress consists of a red and black striped petticoat, descending within six inches of the feet, over which is worn a dress of the usual length, but looped up to the height of the skirt. A "dreadnought" overcoat, with gilt buttons, serves to keep out the cold and damp; while a straw hat screens the head, and real, genuine long-legged boots protect the feet. I do not think the dress is very neat or pretty, but it is novel, and that is something. It is considered an improvement on the Bloomer costume. In all the mud of Washington winter, it is a much better dress than the street sweeping machines which have so long prevailed.—*Corres. of the Pennsylvanian.*

Red petticoats begin to peep out in Broadway, modestly, as if half ashamed of themselves, but still sufficiently manifest to convince the world of their presence. It is curious to note the sudden change in the direction of the promenaders' eyes. The gaze which lately stared fixedly at even height with ladies' faces, is now modestly lowered upon the hem of the garment, in search of the new fashion and pretty ankles. So far but few (petticoats) have appeared; but the fire is kindled, and it only needs the breath of a leading fashion-monger to break forth into a crimson flame which will envelope all womankind.—*New York Paper.*

To a gust of wind which swept down Chestnut street yesterday afternoon we are indebted for the discovery of a new freak of fashion. The red woollen petticoats recently introduced by Eugenie, have already found their way into this city, and will most likely become the rage during the season. From a momentary glimpse of the article, we suppose them to be made of some fine material like Salisbury flannel, though, possibly, they may be cashmere. Around the bottom run broad stripes in bright colors, giving a decidedly picturesque appearance to the ladies, as they gracefully step over the gutters. The new skirt is worn immediately next the dress. The ladies will, therefore, dispense with white ones, and those gothic continuations which have of late been so highly in vogue.—*Phila. North American.*

GEN. SCOTT.—It is said that Gen. Scott is to sail in the next steamer for California, whence, with the regular troops in that section of the country and such a force of volunteers as may be needed, he will march for Salt Lake City, in case the news from that quarter wears the same complexion as now. The army will probably be conducted up the Colorado river, which is believed to be navigable for 300 miles from its mouth, and will form a junction with Col. Johnston in June at Salt Lake City.

THE Minister of Commerce in Prussia has charged a commission of scientific men and engineers to ascertain what inconvenience may be caused by atmospheric influence in the transmission of telegraphic despatches, and to propose a remedy.

NEWS ITEMS.

CHEAP SWEETENING.—The Planters' Banner, published at Franklin, La., in its issue of the 7th inst., says: Some of our planters are selling a good article of molasses at six dollars per barrel. The barrel costs a dollar and forty cents, and the molasses stands them in four dollars and sixty cents. This is very disheartening to the planters, but it is glad tidings to poor folks, that buy molasses, and have been starving for it, and unable to buy it for several years, on account of high prices.

A GENTLEMAN who has just returned from a trip on the Illinois Central, tells us that at Kankakee, only a few hours ride from this city, he found a man burning good sound corn in the ear, in his stove. Inquiring the reason of what was to him shameful, he was told that while poor coal was worth thirty cents per one hundred pounds at the depot, unthreshed corn was dull at twenty-five cents for the same weight.

SENATOR DOUGLAS A LOUISIANA PLANTER.—The Vicksburg True Southerner notices the fact that Senator Douglas has disposed of his plantation in Mississippi. The negroes of the plantation will be transferred to this State. A partnership has been formed with a gentleman in this city to carry on the plantation business in Louisiana. The partner is now in the northern part of the State, looking after a place to locate the force, which is numbered at a hundred hands.—*N. O. Bulletin.*

A FEARFUL SCOURGE.—The scarlet fever is prevailing to a great extent in Greene Co., Pa. A gentleman near Waynesburg has buried six children in ten days.

RICHES OF DELHI.—A soldier writes from Delhi, that probably every member of the Guards will be worth £1,000 when he reaches England. An equal division of the spoils is to be made, and they exceed in richness anything ever before dreamed of.

DIRECT FOR EUROPE.—The Messrs. Rae, of Hamilton, C. W., at the head of Lake Ontario, intend sending a vessel from that port early in the spring with a load of produce for Europe. It is said that there are now two vessels building in Liverpool expressly for that trade.

LIEUT. GEN. SCOTT, although not long since opposed to the movement from the Pacific side against the Mormons, is now anxious to organize a force in that quarter. He has not yet, however, received orders.

GEN. JEREZ has visited Com. Paulding, on board the Wabash, and, in the name of the President of Nicaragua, thanked him for the great service he had rendered to the people of Nicaragua for the disarming and sending the filibusters away. He also inquired if Capt. Sands would not pursue and capture any others that might land upon the coast.

SAUSAGES NOT IMPROVING.—Two Germans in New York have been arrested for making sausages stuffed with dog meat. The officers on visiting their shop found the remains of the unfortunate canine in close proximity to the newly stuffed sausages, and butchers pronounced the meat of the sausages to be dog meat. The cause of the Germans was that dog meat was a cure for consumption, and one of them was afflicted with that disease. Dog meat would appear to be a certain specific for the consumption of sausages at least.

POPULATION OF CALIFORNIA.—The San Jose (Cal.) Tribune estimates the population of California at 597,000. This estimate is based upon the returns of the local assessors. Of this population 332,250 are Americans, 65,500 Indians, 32,500 Chinese, 15,000 French, 15,000 Mexicans, 10,000 Irish, 2,000 English, and about 4,000 colored persons.

RAPID PORK PACKING.—On New Year's morning, the employees in Nolte & M'Clure's pork packing house, Beardstown, Illinois, slaughtered 692 hogs in four hours, and later in the day they slaughtered 1,134 hogs in seven hours and thirty minutes.

A MAN in Rome, New York, made application for insurance on a building situated in a village where there was no fire engine. In answer to the question, "What are the facilities for extinguishing fires?" he wrote—"It rains sometimes."

THE SOUTHERN METHODISTS.—During the recent session of the Mississippi Conference at Brandon, Bishop Early presented the resolutions of the Alabama Conference, recommending the striking out the general rule against "selling men, women and children," &c. The Conference concurred in the amendment by a vote of 70 to 7.

BUTTERFLY IN JANUARY.—We picked up yesterday a lively butterfly, and it is now basking in the sun in our office.—*Lawrence (Mass.) Courier, 13th.*

ON Wednesday last, January 12, a cornfield was ploughed near this city, the soil perfectly pliable, and the ploughing as easy as in the best season. Pansies are still in blossom, and the buds of the cherry tree have started a little in some exposures.—*New Bedford Mercury.*

WASHINGTON, January 22nd, 1858.—The President is preparing a special message to Congress on Kansas affairs.

COSTLY ICE.—It is said that contracts have been entered into for supplies of ice this season at three times the price paid for the article last year.

TICKET swindling is still flourishing in New York. Two gentlemen from Ohio, who were going to California, were enticed to a bogus ticket office, in Courtland street, kept by Mr. Raymond, where they purchased two tickets at $130 each, and found to be worthless. The officers made the swindlers disgorge $150 of their ill gotten gain; and while the proprietor of the swindling concern went out, as he said for the purpose of getting the balance of the money, he succeeded in making his escape from the officers.—*New York Paper.*

RICE PAPER.—An exchange says:—Some deluded persons are apt to connect rice paper with the pulp of that useful grain, which serves as a pabulum to troublesome high-caste Brahmins and mutinous Sepoys. Let such be advised that the said paper is made "from the pith of a plant of the bread fruit genus, brought from the western parts of China, chiefly to Canton, where the manufacture of this paper and painting give employment to several thousand hands."

THE Melbourne (Australia) Argus gives an interesting summary of the discoveries in natural history by Mr. Blandowski, during his recent expedition on the Lower Murray, in the waters of which he found fifteen varieties of fish, in addition to the five already known, and among them three species of viviparous shellfish, and also some fresh-water sponges. But the greatest curiosity in his collection was a variety of the boa constrictor with two small legs, slightly developed indeed, but sufficiently so to enable the reptile to ascend the smoothest tree by inserting them in the crevices and excrescences of the bark.

THE English poet Laureate (Tennyson) is, it is said, pruning his poetic wings for a flight—an epithalamium—on the approaching marriage of the Princess Royal. The great bridal occasion when English poets exerted themselves the most was on the marriage of King James I.'s daughter with the Prince Palatine.

INSANITY FROM SPIRITUALISM.—Mr. Albert Sanford, of Whitingham, one of the most active and capable business men of that place, has devoted a considerable portion of his time during the last two or three years to the study of the so-called spiritual manifestations. About the first of the present month unmistakable symptoms of insanity were developed in him. These became so alarming that in a few days he was removed to the Asylum for the Insane at Boston. He has a brother in the Asylum in this village, whose insanity was occasioned by similar causes.—*Brattleboro (Vt.) Phœnix.*

A SNAKE STORY—A WOMAN NINETEEN MONTHS WITHOUT FOOD.—We learn from the Albany Times that Mrs. Hayes, of the town of Day, Saratoga county, N. Y., whose case was detailed some time since, and who had lived nineteen months without food or drink, died a week or two ago. She remained insensible for fifteen months of the period, and up to a few days of her death, when she seemed to revive, and spoke occasionally. After her death her body was opened, and a snake five feet long and half an inch thick, was taken from the stomach. It was alive when removed, but died soon after.

JOHN B. ROBERTSON, the Rochester banker, accused of conspiring to compass the death of his wife by poison, was recently acquitted by the Jury after four hours' deliberation. The character of his accusers were notoriously bad, and the wife herself stood by her husband.

MARRIAGE PROPOSAL FOR QUEEN VICTORIA'S SECOND DAUGHTER.—Lieutenant-General Van Omphal has set out from the Hague for London on a mission, of which the object is to demand officially, for the Prince of Orange, the hand of the Princess Alice, daughter of Queen Victoria.

THE winter overcoat now in fashion in London, is called a "Bulfanger." They are sold in Regent street for about thirteen dollars.

"LOOK AND SEE."—As a gentleman was recently passing over Charlestown Bridge, at the dead hour of the night, he was accosted by two villainous individuals, who inquired the hour of the night. The gentleman quietly stepped under the light of one of the lamps, and drawing a revolver, cocked it, and aiming it at the men, he drew a valuable gold chronometer, and holding it directly over the muzzle of the pistol, replied: "Look and see!"—*Boston Traveller.*

MRS. PEGUS, the daughter of Mr. J. A. JEX, of Ghent, Ky., lost her husband by death three weeks since, and became insane in consequence. Last Saturday she strayed away from home, and on being searched for, was found dead in the woods near home. She had hung herself with her handkerchief to the limb of a tree.

MR. SPURGEON.—Preaching at Shipley, near Leeds, Mr. Spurgeon alluded to Dr. Dick's wish, that he might spend an eternity in wandering from star to star. "For me," exclaimed Mr. Spurgeon, "let it be my lot to pursue a more glorious study. My choice shall be this: I shall spend 5,000 years in looking into the wound in the left foot of Christ, and 5,000 years in looking into the wound in the right foot of Christ, and 10,000 years in looking into the wound in the right hand of Christ, and 10,000 years more in looking into the wound in the left hand of Christ, and 20,000 years in looking into the wound in his side."

THE Providence Post notices the fact that not a single murder has been committed in Rhode Island during the past year, notwithstanding capital punishment is abolished.

POST OFFICE clerks complain of the style of putting postage-stamps on the under side of letters. It causes them double labor, while at the same time there is danger of the stamp being overlooked by them and detained for postage. It is not considered that by putting the stamps on the back side that the letter is any more secure from being broken open, if that be the object of the writer of the letter in placing the stamp there. It is hoped that the practice will be discontinued.

IT is stated that General Walker has flooded the South with bonds of one hundred dollars each, issued in his (Walker's) name, running twenty years, payable in Nicaragua lands.

THE question which the sheriff put as he launched the condemned into eternity, "James P. Donnelly, do you live?" was in accordance with the law of New Jersey. The law requires that the question shall be asked, and the culprit shall respond "Yes," to show that he is alive when the preparations for execution are complete.

IN the Court of Common Pleas for Norfolk county, Massachusetts, Michael Sullivan, a boy fifteen years of age, convicted of the crime of arson, was sentenced, recently, to imprisonment in the State prison during the term of his natural life.

A SECOND Mass Convention of the Indiana Democrats has been called for the 22d of February, Reason—the Kansas question.

A FIGHTING SCHOOLBOY.—The Machias (Me.) Union says that, a few days since, one of the scholars in a school in a neighboring town, in consequence of an assault upon his teacher, was sentenced to pay a fine of $20 and costs, or be imprisoned thirty days in the county jail. In view of the hard times and scarcity of money, the latter was preferred, and he is now in as comfortable quarters as the good county of Washington can afford.

HARRISBURG, Jan. 20.—The commission of William A. Porter, Esq., as Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, was issued this morning from the Secretary's Office.

DECREASE OF TRAVEL.—The New York papers state that the guests—transient and otherwise—stopping at the St. Nicholas Hotel, for the month of October, 1856, were 33,000, and for the corresponding period of 1857 the number was 24,000.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Hartford, Conn., Press, mentions the case of a man named Ittal Curtiss, of Bristol, who for the last forty years has slept and ate his morning meal in barns in the neighborhood, declining all invitations even in the coldest weather to do otherwise. He died recently, leaving a fair property. An instance is mentioned in the Stamford Advocate of a man who during the cold winter months would remain dormant for weeks at a time.

COAL GAS VERSUS INFECTION.—The Medical Gazette of Lisbon, Portugal, asserts that all the persons in that city who resided in houses lighted with gas, have escaped the yellow fever. It has been said that, during the visitation of cholera to many large cities, the persons residing in the neighborhood of extensive gas works have, in nearly all cases, escaped the disease.

THE HUDSON RIVER.—This river has not been open as late as January, since 1830, when it closed on the 11th, and remained closed till March 16, sixty-three days.

THE Iowa State Journal of the 9th, learns from a gentleman just returned from the Northwest, that a messenger had arrived from Calhoun county, bringing the news that a band of Sioux Indians had murdered a family on the Little Sioux river, and were committing all manner of depredations. The inhabitants of Calhoun and adjoining counties were arming, and hastening to the rescue of the settlers on the Little Sioux. Trouble with the Sioux was anticipated. It will be remembered that this is the region of Spirit Lake, where so many families were massacred last spring.

A MAN named Anderson was killed in Flemingsburg, Ky., a few days since, by a ball from a gun in the hands of John Glover. They were both friends, and were joking each other until they got to angry words, when Glover aimed his gun and fired, from the effects of which Anderson died the next day.

AN irate widow, Mrs. Burgess, attempted to shoot a Mr. Sanford Hall, in the rail cars at Cumberland, Va., last week. Cause of the trouble—the gentleman's start on a bridal tour, after cutting the acquaintance of the widow, to whom he once paid his addresses. The lady got mad, and relieved her jealousy by presenting a revolver at the unlucky bridegroom; but her hand was stayed by the passengers in the train before any mischief was done, and Mr. Hall went on his way with his bride.

DANGEROUS EMPLOYMENT.—The death of a young woman at Paris, employed in lace cleaning, in whose viscera after death, notable quantities of lead were found, has given rise to an investigation as to the method employed. It has been discovered that soiled lace is cleaned by a process imported from Brussels, and which consists in giving to the flowers a factitious and temporary whiteness by repeatedly dusting them with white lead.

A PITIFUL SIGHT.—On Tuesday morning last, a man, a raving maniac, secured for the protection of himself and others, in a close fitting box, with openings for the admission of light and food, passed through here on the cars. He was from Minnesota, and on his way to Maine, his native State.—*Prairie du Chien Leader.*

THE CASE OF T. W. SMITH.—In the case of Thomas Washington Smith, recently cleared of the charge of murdering Richard Carter, the President of the Tamaqua Bank, on the ground of insanity, medical testimony was adduced showing that his confinement in the Lunatic Asylum would result in his speedy death, while the careful attention of his friends would restore him to health. The Court therefore decided to place him in charge of his sister, meanwhile placing her under bonds of $5,000 for good care of him. He will be taken to New Castle county, Del. He has already applied to the Legislature of Pennsylvania for a divorce from his erring wife.

PARLOR FISH PONDS.

The humorous engraving on our fourth page last week suggests a notice of the fact that these marine collections have become very common in England within the last four or five years. A contemporary says:

One can hardly enter a parlor in the refined and cultivated society of London without seeing an Aquarium, or, in other words, a glass case or tank of salt water containing a collection of living and growing curiosities of the sea, representatives of organic and inorganic nature. It is not long since the inquiries of the less scientific students in this department of natural history were satisfied by the dried collections and classifications of sea-weeds in their herbariums, or by museums of shells and corals. They seemed disposed to rest satisfied with the discovery that the corals were not vegetables, and as for shells, they manifested but little interest, preferring to classify the stony domicles rather than to investigate the habits of the creatures within them. The labors, however, of a few enthusiastic popular writers like Gosse, Professor Harvey, Rev. Charles Williams, Charles Kingsley, and Noel Humphreys, have inspired a new interest in this subject.

A work like Kingsley's "Glaucus, or the Wonders of the Shore," published in 1855, could not fail to arouse the attention of the idlers at the fashionable watering-places in England to those rational sources of enjoyment which, though so accessible, had yet been before unknown to them. Kingsley, both in his "Glaucus" and in his novels, makes the studious love of nature one of the cardinal virtues, and by exhibiting it in so heroic a character as Tom Thurnall, in the novel of "Two Years Ago," he succeeded in imparting to his indolent readers on the sea shore something of his own enthusiasm. The consequence was a change in their habits; a sudden demand arose for Aquaria; and when they made their annual pilgrimage to the shore, they went not, as usual, to bathe, to dissipate, and kill time, but also to show their industry in collecting and preserving such specimens of the wealth of the sea as they could find on the beach and among the rocks at low tide. Consequently the fashionable lady, on her return to London, brought with her a conservatory of sea-weeds, sea-anemones, star-fish, prawns, whelks, and the like, the trophies of her campaign on the sea shore, and ever since there has been a rivalry, hardly exceeded by the tulip-mania, as to who should exhibit the finest and most varied collection.

Unlike the ordinary manias of fashion, the present has not been without good results, in a scientific point of view. Opportunities have been afforded and improved for observing and reporting the characteristics and habits of submarine plants and animals, which have hitherto not been enjoyed. It is since the establishment of the Aquarium that M. Coste has made the discovery that the Stickleback (*Gasterosteus trachurus*) builds its nest under water like a bird, the details of which were communicated recently in his paper, "*Sur la Nidification des Epinoches*," before the French Academy. This fact had never before been scientifically ascertained, although it had been hinted at two thousand years ago by Aristotle, as well as by Clive and Major Harding among modern naturalists, who had attributed nidification to other kinds of fishes.

There is a Marine Aquarium in Regent's Park, London, "where," says Mr. Humphreys, the author of "Ocean Gardens," "in a few glass tanks of very moderate size, we may see examples of some of the most curious forms of animal and vegetable life peculiar to the depths of the ocean—forms so singular that their first exhibition created a sense of wonder hardly less intense than that which must have been caused, long years ago, by the first display of the mountain form of the elephant to the people of cold northern countries; and much more so than the recent introduction of the giraffe or hippopotamus, although they have never been seen in Europe since the days of the Romans."

The revelations which have been obtained by means of Aquaria have incidentally answered another purpose, in convicting Shakespeare, Milton, and other eminent poetical authorities, whose natural history had previously been almost unimpeached, of great error in their references to the inhabitants of that mysterious world under the sea, which, though to them exclusively the domain of imagination and conjecture, is now to a large extent traversed and explored by men of science.

The mania for the Aquaria, however, sometimes carries its victims to the very verge of extravagance; according to an enthusiastic writer, its "mission" is yet to be accomplished. The true Aquarium is not the small glass tank which affords a miniature of the sea to the naturalist, or to the occupant of the drawing-room, but something far greater and more immense.

"The Marine Aquaria," he says, "is as yet a plaything, a mere toy; but it is destined to become a far more important means of advancing science, and ministering to popular instruction, amusement and wonder than is yet dreamed of. It has yet to do for the ocean that which our menageries and vast gardens, devoted to the service of natural history, have done for the forests and mountains of the terrestrial portion of our planet.

"We shall yet have tropical Aquaria, in which the temperature and qualities of the sea between the tropics will be so successfully imitated that the glorious shells of those regions will be exhibited in living motion to our greedily curious gaze; and fish gleaming with unusual dyes—metallic azure and silvery crimson—will dart and glide in our tropic tempered tanks, as in their own tropic ocean, for our delight and gratification. We are now entitled to expect from science, that it shall exhibit to us the wonders of the tropic deeps, as it has shown us the glorious plumage and velvet-spotted furs of the denizens of its terrestrial forests."

The same writer thus portrays the future of the Aquarium:

"But a gigantic Aquarium is fortunately a feat that yet remains for modern science to achieve, and which it will doubtless accomplish. The day will arrive when we shall see the living Behemoth—the Titan of the deep—rolling majestic in waves of his native element, perhaps pursued by his cruel enemy the sword-fish, or harried by a shoal of herrings, graphically exemplifying to a London crowd, the origin of Yarmouth bloaters. Or we may see the dreaded shark float round and round the vast glass prison seeking his prey; and the shark hunter of the South Seas may be imported to exhibit his skill in a bloodless conflict—mocking the attempts of the sea monster to seize him, as the Spanish matador plays long with the infuriated bull, but without necessitating the same catastrophe to the animal, defenceless against the specially trained skill of his human antagonist. We have already had our crystal palaces covering their acres, and filled with objects of art and wealth from every quarter of the globe; it is not impossible, therefore, that we may have crystal-walled seas, in which aquatic menageries will form the last new object of fashion and wonder."

The success of the Aquarium depends entirely upon the fact that there exists in nature a self-adjusting balance between the supply of oxygen created in water with the quality consumed by aquatic animals. In 1759 it was stated by Ingenhauss that plants immersed in water, and exposed to the action of light, emit oxygen gas; and in 1850, Mr. R. Warrington, an English naturalist, discovered that by placing a small growing plant of the *Vallisneria spiralis* in a globe containing two gold-fishes, the water remained pure for a long time, the oxygen given off by the plant proving sufficient to sustain the animal life. After a time, however, the leaves of the plant began to decay, and a green vegetation to accumulate on the sides of the vessel. To remedy this evil, Mr. Warrington tried the experiment of placing in the water a few common pond snails, which, feeding eagerly upon the decaying vegetable matter, soon restored all to a healthy state, and besides performed the additional service of producing an abundance of eggs, which were greedily devoured by the fishes, being evidently their natural food. Thus the animals and plants supported each other; the snails acting as scavengers to remove the decaying matter, which would have rendered the water unfit for the healthy life of the plant, and the plant in its turn furnishing to both fish and snails the necessary supply of oxygen—so that the water of the tank could be preserved fresh for an indefinite time without requiring change. This was the first successful Aquarium. In 1852, Mr. Warrington made some experiments with sea water, which were ultimately successful. He placed in his Marine Aquarium various specimens of sea-weeds, which he chiselled from the rocks with the pieces of flint or chalk to which they were attached; and, for purifying purposes, instead of the pond snails of the fresh water tank, he procured some of the common sea-snails, or periwinkle. About the same time Mr. Gosse, an eminent naturalist, commenced some experiments on the subject of the Marine Aquarium, which being entirely successful, he opened a communication with the Secretary of the British Zoological Society, which resulted in the removal of his collection of Annelida and Zoophytes to the gardens of the Society in Regents Park, and the foundation of the Society's present series of Aquaria.

These exhibitions have aroused a general taste for imitations upon a smaller scale, to gratify which numerous dealers have sprung up, who thrive by furnishing glass tanks, and all the rocks, plants, animals, and even sea-water, necessary to the establishment of an Aquarium, or, as it is sometimes termed, a Vivarium.

An Anti-Horse Man.—We do not agree with the writer of the following, but it is well to hear all sides:—"I object to the personal appearance of the horse. I protest against the conventional idea of beauty as attached to that animal. I think his nose too long, his forehead too low, and his legs (except in the case of the cart-horse) ridiculously thin by comparison with the size of his body. Again, considering how big an animal he is, I object to the contemptible delicacy of his constitution. Is he not the sickliest creature in creation? Does any child catch cold as easily as a horse? Does he not sprain his fetlock, for all his appearance of superior strength, as easily as I sprained my ankle? Furthermore, to take him from another point of view, what a helpless wretch he is! No fine lady requires more constant waiting on than a horse. Other animals can make their own toilette; he must have a groom. You will tell me that this is because we want to make his coat artificially glossy. Glossy! Come home with me, and see my cat—my clever cat, who can groom herself! Look at your own dog! see how the intelligent creature curry-combs himself with his own honest teeth! Then, again, what a fool the horse is—what a poor nervous fool! He will start at a piece of white paper in the road as if it were a lion. His one idea, when he hears a noise he is not accustomed to, is to run away from it. What do you say to these two common instances of the sense and courage of this absurdly overpraised animal? I might multiply them to two hundred, if I chose to exert my mind and waste my breath, which I can never do. I prefer coming at once to my last charge against the horse, which is the most serious of all, because it affects his moral character. I accuse him boldly, in his capacity of servant to man, of slyness and treachery. I brand him publicly, no matter how mild he may look about the eyes, or how sleek he may be about the coat, as a systematic betrayer, whenever he can get the chance of the confidence reposed in him.—*G. A. Sala.*

TO A GOLD DOLLAR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MAGGIE C. HIGBY.

Ah, sweet little jewel, the poets may prate
Of dew-drops that brightly glow under the moon,
Of roses as red as their lady love's lips,
That blossom when earth seems a heaven in June;
Of ocean shells spangled with amber and pearl,
And diamonds that sparkle far down in the sea;
But your round little face has an exquisite grace,
I'll own, that's a thousand times dearer to me.

For you've such a way of bewitching our lives,
Of stealing all thorns from the roses away,
Of doubling the bliss that the summer-time brings,
And making dull winter as merry as May,
Of cheating dull care, and defying despair,
And melting all hearts whether human or stone,
Of bringing gay pleasure and fair youth together,
And wedding them both with a ring of your own.

Then who wouldn't sing of so dainty a thing,
So charming a fairy, that brings at our call,
The nod of the noble, the smiles of the rich,
The hearts of the poor, and the blessings of all.
Then while I've a pen I will wield it for you,
My dear little dollar; for surely the sound
Of your musical chink is refreshing to hear,
And the world is a bright one, so long as you're round.

☞ Plutarch speaks of the long white beard of an old Laconian, who, on being asked why he let it grow to such a length, replied, "It is that having my white beard continually before my eyes, I may do nothing unworthy of its whiteness."

A NEW POEM.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

[A number of gentlemen in Washington, admirers of Dr. Mackay's genius and gratified listeners to his recent lectures here, desirous of paying him a quiet and unostentatious compliment before his departure, as a mark of their respect for the man and the author, invited him to a private banquet at Gautier's saloon last evening. The company, though limited, embraced a number of the most distinguished gentlemen, among whom we may be permitted to mention Gen. James Shields, Governor Price, Hon. Mr. Seward, General Quitman, Hon. Mr. Boyce, Hon. Mr. Sherman, Hon. Mr. Burlingame, Hon. Mr. Morse, Hon. E. Ward and the Hon. Mr. Parrott. Lord Napier and Sir Wm. Ousely were invited, both of whom wrote letters declining on account of prior engagements. Gen. Shields, by invitation, presided at the entertainment, and, after the cloth had been removed, he made a few appropriate remarks, concluding with a sentiment, in response to which Mr. Mackay delighted the company by delivering the annexed poem.—*Intelligencer.*]

JOHN AND JONATHAN.

Said brother Jonathan to John,
"You are the elder born,
And I can bear another's hate,
But not your slightest scorn.
You've lived a life of noble strife,
You've made a world your own,
Why, when I follow in your steps,
Receive me with a groan?

"I feel the promptings of my youth,
That urge me evermore
To spread my fame, my race, my name,
From shore to furthest shore.
I feel the lightnings in my blood,
The thunders in my hand,
And I must work my destiny
Whoever may withstand.

"And if you'd give me, brother John,
The sympathy I crave,
And stretch your warm fraternal hand
Across the Atlantic wave,
I'd give it such a cordial grasp
That earth should start to see,
And ancient crowns and sceptres shake
That fear both you and me."

Said brother John to Jonathan,
"You do my nature wrong;
I never hated, never scorned,
But loved you well and long.
If children of the self-same sire,
We've quarreled now and then,
'Twas only in our early youth,
And not since we were men.

"And if with cautious, cooler blood,
Result of sufferings keen,
I sometimes think you move too fast,
Mistake not what I mean.
I've felt the follies of my youth,
The errors of my prime,
And dreamed for you—my father's son—
A future more sublime.

"And here's my hand, 'tis freely given,
I stretch it o'er the brine,
And wish you from my hearts of hearts
A higher life than mine.
Together let us rule the world,
Together work and thrive;
For if you're only twenty-one
I'm scarcely thirty-five.

"And I have strength for nobler work
Than e'er my hand has done,
And realms to rule and truths to plant
Beyond the rising sun.
Take you the West and I the East,
We'll spread ourselves abroad,
With trade and spade, and wholesome laws,
And faith in man and God.

"Take you the West and I the East!
We speak the self same tongue
That Milton wrote and Chatham spoke
And Burns and Shakespeare sung;
And from our tongue, our hand, our heart,
Each countless thought shall flow,
To light two darkened hemispheres
That know not where they go.

"Our Anglo-Saxon name and fame,
Our Anglo-Saxon speech,
Received their mission straight from Heaven
To civilize and teach.
So here's my hand, I stretch it forth;
Ye meaner lands look on!
From this day hence there's friendship firm
'Twixt Jonathan and John!"

They shook their hands, this noble pair,
And o'er the "electric chain"
Came daily messages of Peace
And Love betwixt them twain.
When other nations, sore oppressed,
Lie dark in Sorrow's night,
They look to Jonathan and John
And hope for coming light.

Books and What we Owe Them.—Consider what you have in the smallest chosen library. A company of the wisest and wittiest men that could be picked out of all civil countries, in a thousand years, have set in best order the results of their learning and wisdom. The men themselves were hid and inaccessible, solitary, impatient of interruption, fenced by etiquette; but the thought which they did not uncover to their bosom friend is here written out in transparent words to us, the strangers of another age.

We owe to books those general benefits which come from high intellectual action. Thus, I think, we often owe to them the perception of immortality. They impart sympathetic activity to the moral power. Go with mean people, and you think life is mean. Then read Plutarch, and the world is a proud place, peopled with men of positive quality, with heroes and demigods standing around us who will not let us sleep. Then, they address the imagination; only poetry inspires poetry. They become the organic culture of the time. College education is the reading of certain books which the common sense of all scholars agrees will represent the science already accumulated. If you know that—for instance, in geometry, if you have read Euclid and Laplace—your opinion has some value; if you do not know these, you are not entitled to give any opinion on the subject. Whenever any skeptic or bigot claims to be heard on the questions of intellect and morals, we ask if he is familiar with the books of Plato, where all his pert objections have once for all been disposed of. If not, he has no right to our time. Let him go and find himself answered there.—Emerson, *in the Atlantic.*

Ancient Inoculation.—When the practice of inoculation was first introduced into Boston, in 1721, the House of Representatives passed a bill prohibiting it, and a sermon was printed in Boston upon this text:—"So went Satan forth from the presence of the Lord, and smote Job with sore boils from the sole of the foot unto his crown;" from which the doctrine was deduced that Job had the small-pox, and Satan was the first inoculator!

☞ A classical Southern editor says if the Naiads were constantly bathing, he presumes, from their name, the Dryads were the ones who brought the towels.

WON, OR NOT WON.

FROM PARTON'S "LIFE OF BURR."

Richmond Hill was without a mistress. In these fortunate years it was that Colonel Burr paid his court to one of the loveliest of Philadelphia's ever lovely belles, and had the narrowest escape from a second marriage.

They met, "'twas in a crowd;" and each was smitten with the other's pleasant qualities.—Again, he saw her at her father's table, where his attentions were equally pointed and welcome. A *tête-à-tête*, which he sought, was interrupted by the entrance of *le père*, but her manner seemed to beckon him on. He was almost in love. Summoning her father to his apartments by note, and the old gentleman appearing within the hour, the enamored one came to the point with a promptness and self-possession impossible in a lover under forty.

"Is Celeste engaged?"

"She is not."

"Would it be agreeable to her parents if Colonel Burr should make overtures for her hand?"

"It would be *most* agreeable."

The lady had gone to spend some days six miles into the country, and thither her lover rides the next morning, with an eager, but composed mind. Celeste enters the drawing-room, though he had not asked especially for her. Conversation ensues. She is all wit and gayety; more charming than ever, the lover thinks. He tries to turn the conversation to the subject nearest his heart; but she, with the good humored graceful malice of lovely woman, defeats his endeavors, and so at last, quite captivated, he takes his leave.

The same hour on the following morning finds him, once more, *tête-à-tête* with the beautiful Celeste. Conversation again. But, this time, the great question was put. To the surprise of this renowned lady-killer, Celeste replies that she is firmly resolved *never to marry!*

"I am very sorry to hear it, madam; I had promised myself great happiness, but cannot blame your determination."

She replied: "No; certainly, sir, you cannot; for I recollect to have heard you express surprise that any woman should marry, and you gave such reasons, and with so much eloquence, as made an indelible impression on my mind."

The disappointed swain received the rebuff with perfect courtesy and good humor. They parted the best friends.

"Have you any commands to town, madam? I wish you a good morning."

Two days passed. Then, a note from Celeste surprised the Rejected, informing him that she was in town for a few hours, and would be glad to see him. He was puzzled, and hastened to her for a solution. The interview lasted two hours, in the course of which the tender subject was daintily touched, but the lover forbore to renew his suit; and the conversation ended without result. Next day, another note from the lady, sent in from the country, expressing "an unalterable determination never again to listen to his suit, and requesting that the subject might never be renewed." Late in the evening of the same day, on returning to his lodgings, the Vice-President learned that a boy had been three times that afternoon to deliver a message to him, but had refused to say from whom it came. At last Colonel Burr's servant had traced the boy to the town residence of Celeste. Early next morning the message came; Celeste requested an interview. Post-haste the Vice-President hied to the presence of his beloved. He found her engaged with a visitor, but observed that she was agitated upon his entrance, and impatient for the departure of her guest. At length they were alone, and he waited for her to state her reasons for desiring to see him. With extreme embarrassment she stammered out, after several vain attempts to speak, that she feared her note had not been couched in terms sufficiently polite, and she had therefore wished for an opportunity to apologize. She could utter no more. He, expecting no such matter, stared in dumb astonishment, with an absurd half-grin upon his countenance. As she sat deeply engaged in tearing to pieces some roses, and he in pinching new corners in the rim of his hat, she all blushes and confusion, he confounded and speechless, the pair, he afterward thought, would have made a capital subject for a painter. He was the first to recover power to articulate. Denying roundly that the fatal note was anything but polite and proper, he offered to return it, proposed that it should be considered cancelled, and begged to be allowed to call the next morning, and renew his suit. To this she objected, but faintly. Waiving his request for a formal permission, he changed the subject, and, after an hour's not unpleasant conversation, took his leave.

He now confessed to Theodosia, to whom the affair had been circumstantially related, from day to day, that he was in the condition of a certain country judge, before whom a cause had been too ingeniously argued by the lawyers.—"Gentlemen of the jury," said the judge, "you must get along with this cause as well as you can; for my part, I'm swamped." But the sapient Theodosia was not puzzled in the least.—"She meant," wrote Theodosia, "from the beginning to say that awful word, *yes*; but not choosing to say it immediately, she told you that *you* had furnished her with arguments against matrimony, which in French means, Please, sir, to persuade me out of them again. But you took it as a plump refusal, and walked off. She called you back. What more could she do? I would have seen you to Japan before I should have done so much."

However, the offer of marriage was never renewed. The lover was probably himself undecided as to the desirableness of the match. But between him and Celeste there was always a tender friendship, and for many months it seemed likely enough that at some unexpected moment the conclusive word would be spoken.

Why Cats Wash Their Faces.—A cat caught a sparrow, and was about to devour it, but the sparrow said, "No, gentleman eats till he has first washed his face." The cat, struck with this remark, set the sparrow down, and began to wash his face with his paw, but the sparrow flew away. This vexed puss extremely, and he said "As long as I live I will eat first and wash my face afterwards." Which all cats do even to this day.

☞ A lady consulted St. Francis, of Sales, on the lawfulness of using rouge. "Why," said he, "some pious men object to it, while others see no harm in it; I will hold a middle course, and allow you to use it on *one* of your cheeks."

QUEEN MARGARET IN OCTOBER.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

You stand at the gate in the golden drift
Of the morning light, and the cool wine drips
From the antique cups the lilies lift
To the blushing breadth of your scarlet lips,
O, rare Queen Margaret!

The morning glories flame on the wall,
In azure and purple and gleamy white—
The Rockets pale, and the Astræa tall
Make the doors of your garden palace bright,
O, royal Margaret!

And the Dahlias stoop in your gaudy state,
The Holly thrills with a dim desire,
And the Cypress-vine looks in at the gate,
His mantle sprinkled with dazzling fire,
Gorgeous Margaret!

Have you a soul? and could you hear
The subtle beat of an inner flood,
That into the zone of your crimson sphere
You drew the wine of the rose's blood,
Dainty Margaret?

For you trample the pansies under your feet,
And the purple violet's shining crest,
But the rose-vine lieth serene and sweet
With a single white rose on her breast—
Beautiful Margaret!

Out of her bosom the white dews drip—
You have slain the Queen of the June divine;
Her sybilic blood is on your lip,
And your robe is red with her wasted wine,
Ruthless Margaret!

Ah! well-a-day—but the winds will blow
And the birds will fly to the dreamy South—
And you will be left heart-deep in the snow,
With the kiss of the frost on your rare sweet mouth,
A-dying, Margaret.

EMMA ALICE BROWNE

ANECDOTE OF AZARIAH WRIGHT.

From Hall's History of Vermont we take this story. Alluding to the anecdote, Mr. Hall says:—

"Captain Wright, or as he was familiarly called 'Uncle 'Riah,' was an Ethan Allen on a small scale. He was bold, rough, independent and outspoken. The singular recklessness of his character was often manifested in acts as thoughtless as they were strange. When the Rev. Joseph Bullen was first settled at Westminster, Uncle 'Riah, who was a church member in good standing, adhered strongly to the cause of the Rev. Mr. Goodell whose evil conduct had induced him to depart secretly from the town. His antipathy to Mr. Bullen was as great as his friendship to Mr. Goodell was strong. So far did he carry his dislike to the former, as to administer to him a tweak of the nose, a cuff on the cheek, and 'many other enormities,' for which he was prosecuted, fined, and put under bonds to keep the peace. Notwithstanding these punishments, he committed another assault upon Mr. Bullen, in consequence of which the church resolved to excommunicate their rebellious member. On the Sunday appointed for this purpose, Uncle 'Riah made his appearance at church, duly equipped with his trusty 'Queen's Arms,' with which he paced the aisle during the whole of the time of service. As the exercise was closing, Mr. Bullen drew forth the letter of excommunication, and as he did so, Uncle 'Riah stopped in his military march and faced him. As the paper was being opened, Uncle 'Riah brought the gun to his shoulder. The minister began to read.

"'Make ready!' shouted the captain, suiting the action to the order.

"Mr. Bullen, though intimidated, proceeded with the reading, but had enunciated only a few words, when Uncle 'Riah said and did with the order.

"'Take aim.'

"Penetrated with a thrilling fear, that any further attempt on his part to publish the proscription, might put an untimely period not only to the present proceedings, but to his own preaching, the minister passed the offensive order to John Sessions, his eldest deacon. Scarcely had the deacon commenced to read, when Captain Wright, with threatening look, brought his piece to bear upon him.

"'All things are lawful, but some things are not expedient,' said Deacon Sessions to Parson Bullen, in the language of St. Paul, and returned the paper to his reverence.

"A consultation was then held among the spiritual officers of the church, which resulted in a decision favorable to a stay of proceedings. Thereupon the letter of excommunication was folded up, the benediction was pronounced, and Uncle 'Riah marched home in triumph."

OUR BABY.

DIED, OCTOBER 20th, 1857.

To-day we cut the fragrant sod,
With trembling hands, asunder,
And lay this well beloved of God,
Our dear dead baby, under.
Oh, hearts that ache, and aching fresh!
Oh, tears too blindly raining!
Our hearts are weak, yet, being flesh,
Too strong for our restraining!

Sleep, darling, sleep! Cold rains shall steep
Thy little turf-made dwelling;
Thou wilt not know—so far below—
What winds or storms are swelling;
And birds shall sing, in the warm spring,
And flowers bloom about thee:
Thou wilt not heed them, love, but oh,
The loneliness without thee!

Father, we *will* be comforted!
Thou want the gracious giver;
We yield her up—not dead, not dead—
To dwell with Thee forever!
Take Thou our child! *Ours* for a day,
Thine, while the ages blossom!
This little shining head we lay
In the Redeemer's bosom!

A Word to the Conservatives.—Oh, my Conservative friends, who still specially fume and struggle to approve yourselves "Conservative," would to heaven I could persuade you of this world-old fact, than which fate is not surer, that truth and justice alone are *capable* of being "conserved" and preserved! The thing which is unjust, which is not according to God's law, will you, in a God's universe, try to conserve that? It is so old, say you? Yes, and the hotter haste ought you of all others to be in to let it grow no older! If but the faintest whisper in your hearts intimate to you that it is not fair, hasten, for the sake of Conservatism itself, to probe it rigorously, to cast it forth at once and forever if guilty. How will or can you preserve *it*, the thing that is not fair! "Impossibility" a thousandfold is marked on that. And ye call yourselves Conservatives, Aristocracies; ought not honor and nobleness of mind, if they had departed from all the earth elsewhere, to find their last refuge with you? Ye unfortunates!—*Carlyle's Past and Present.*

WHY SATAN NEVER DISTURBS WOMEN.

Mohammed relates the following story as an authentic and veritable piece of tradition, illustrative of the fact that Satan has duties to perform in the world, and he was never known to be idle and neglect them, viz:—

In the days of Mohammed there was an Arab who had a very pretty wife. Satan transformed himself into so exact and accurate a likeness of her husband, that she could not, for the life of her, tell which of the two was her husband. Both claimed her—i. e., the real husband and Satan in his likeness.

The case excited much interest in the neighborhood; but no solution of the difficulty could be obtained. At length the case was brought before his Majesty the Prophet, for solution. Mohammed, after a little reflection, held up a certain earthen pot in his right hand, with a spout like a tea-pot, and said to them both:—

"Now, whichever is the real husband, will enter this vessel by the spout, and thus establish his claim to the woman."

Satan having more capacity in that way than the Arab of real flesh and bones, entered at once into the tea-pot, as suggested. The moment that he entered, Mohammed closed the top of the spout, and kept him shut in.

But by the time Mohammed had kept his Excellency shut up for a few days in that earthen pot, it was ascertained that the world was getting wrong in its machinery.

Mohammed was therefore constrained to let Satan out from his confinement, to take his necessary place in the management of the affairs of the world; but before restoring him to his liberty again, Mohammed extorted a solemn promise from him, that he would never trouble the "fair sex" any more, but confine himself to what he could do among the "male sex."

Consuming Smoke.—Mr. Peter Spence proposes the abolition both of chimneys and smoke altogether. Not only of smoke but of chimneys. The plan is, to have smoke drains under the street, just as there are drains for water at present; and the only difference is, that whereas the latter requires a fall, the former will be of a rise—the specific gravity of water causes it to descend, and of smoke to ascend. Mr. Spence restricts his project to Manchester, for which he would build one chimney, according to the specifications of the Tower of Babel. A Dundee paper invites Mr. Spence "to come and try his plan in Dundee. We should need no chimney-building here. The Law (a conical hill), behind the town, only requires a hole made through it to become one of the finest natural chimneys possible. Almost all our factory chimneys are in a line east and west, and one main smoke drain would answer for them. Then the ascending drain might be carried up by the side of the Newtyle Railway, and through the centre of the Law, from which the smoke would emerge like another Vesuvius!"—*English Paper.*

Difficulties of Missionaries in Africa.—Dr. Livingston says:—

"The peculiarities of the women, during sermon especially, are very troublesome. When preaching on the most solemn subjects, a woman might be observed to look round, and, seeing a neighbor seated on her dress, give her a bunch with her elbow, to make her move off; the other would return it with interest, and, perhaps, the remark, 'Take the nasty thing away with you.' Then three or four would begin to bustle the first offenders, and the men to swear at them all, by way of enforcing silence. Great numbers of trifling things like these occur, and would not be worth the mentioning, but that one cannot form a correct idea of missionary work except by examination of the minutiæ. The main objection of the chiefs to Christianity is the abandonment of polygamy. One would not learn to read the Bible, being afraid that it might change his heart, and make him content with only one wife like Sechele. No, no; he wanted always to have five wives at least."

Spurgeon's Brief Statement of the Gospel.—This popular pulpit orator, who, on the occasion of the recent national fast, preached to a congregation of 24,000 persons in the Crystal Palace, London—thus defines the Gospel in a sermon recently published:

"If any man here should be in doubt on account of ignorance, let me as plainly as I can state the Gospel. I believe it to be wrapped up in one word—*Substitution.* I have always considered, with Luther and Calvin, that the sum and substance of the Gospel lies in that word Substitution, *Christ standing in the stead of man.* If I understand the Gospel, it is this—I deserve to be lost and ruined; the only reason why I should not be damned is this, that Christ was punished in my stead, and *there is no need to execute sentence twice for sin.* Christ took the cup in both His hands and

At one tremendous draught of love
He drank damnation dry."

The Doom of the World.—What this change is to be we dare not even conjecture, but we see in the heavens themselves some traces of destructive elements and some indications of their power. The fragments of broken planets—the descent of meteoric stones upon our globe—the wheeling comets welding their loose material at the solar surface—the volcanic eruptions in our own satellite—the appearance of new stars, and the disappearance of others—are all foreshadows of that impending convulsion to which the system of the world is doomed. Thus placed on a planet which is to be burned up, and under heavens which are to pass away; thus reading, as it were, on the cemeteries and dwelling upon the mausoleums of former worlds, let us learn the lesson of humility and wisdom, if we have not already been taught in the school of revelation.—*North British Review.*

"Keep Your Mouth Shut."—Never allow the action of respiration to be carried on through the mouth. The nasal passages are clearly the medium through which respiration was, by our Creator, designed to be carried on. "God breathed into man's nostrils the breath of life," previous to his becoming a living creature. The difference in the exhaustion of strength by a long walk with mouth firmly closed, and respiration carried on through the nostrils instead of through the mouth, is inconceivable to those who have never tried the experiment. It is said that the habit of carrying on the work of inspiration and expiration through the mouth is the origin of almost all diseases of the throat and lungs.

To all of which we say, *perhaps.*

Original Novelet.

THE RAID OF BURGUNDY.

A Historical Romance

OF

FRANCE AND THE SWISS CANTONS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY AUGUSTINE DUGANNE.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXVII.

JEANNE OF THE HATCHET.

The messenger Merindat—whom we have discovered to be the publican Pierre Bart—sped on his way, with a packet from the knight, Sir James de Grosset. Skillfully evading the more public highway, he diverged at intervals, making necessary detours to avoid straggling parties of Burgundians who lined the route, until he reached the town of Beauvois, where, according to instructions, he was to meet couriers, prepared to post to the head-quarters of King Louis. But ere he had gained the shelter of its walls, news had already arrived of the capitulation of Roye, and the surrender of its entire garrison to the conquering Duke of Burgundy. At once the inhabitants of Beauvois were called into general counsel, to resolve upon measures necessary for the occasion; and at the same hour when the royal courier entrusted with Merindat's despatches, departed for the camp of General Chabannes, Merindat found himself debarred of egress from the town by an order which closed the gates against all retreat of the other sojourners within. And it was time indeed for the small number who composed the defenders of the place, to consult regarding the dangers which menaced them; for the Burgundians, flushed with triumph, had now overrun the entire neighborhood, forcing alike the owners of chateaux and the dwellers in cottages, to fly at once from their homes toward the nearest fortified city. Already the nobles and peasantry of the country immediately around Beauvois, had sought shelter within its walls; and, albeit no regular garrison was quartered there, and only a hastily-mustered militia assumed the defence, there was a stern spirit of devotion manifest among the citizens, which promised no easy victory to the advancing foe.

Merindat, unknown, save as a messenger of ill-tidings, mingled with the assembled populace who thronged the market-square, listening to the fearful stories of Burgundian cruelties that had been borne from the unhappy town of Nesle through scores of burning villages to the gates of Beauvois. He sat upright in his saddle, as he had arrived—travel-stained and wearied; but a strange light burned upon his bronzed face, when the shout of all who were assembled went up, as the voice of a single man—

"We will not surrender to Duke Charles, while one stone of Beauvois stands upon another!"

Opposite to Merindat, as he sat his steed upon the outskirts of the crowd which filled the square, and had been harangued by gentlemen and nobles, hastily accoutred, who had come with their retainers from neighboring castles, was a cavalier clad in brown armor, with no device or crest, and with closed visor that entirely concealed his features. A short mantle of the same color as his armor, enveloped the upper part of his person; a single plume of sable waved from his plain helmet; a heavy battle-axe hung at his saddle-bow, and at his thigh was a sword which few men of those around would have been able to wield. But the cavalier himself, sitting erect upon a gray steed, in his sombre mail, was of so goodly a presence, towering above the heads of other horsemen, that no one could doubt his ability to do service with so trenchant a blade. Merindat had marked him narrowly, the more so that the knight, like himself, seemed a stranger among the men of Beauvois, and appeared to attract no little attention from all who observed him. Until the shout of determination that ascended from the multitude, this knight had, in truth, remained motionless; but no sooner did its echo die away, than he rode slowly through the press, which opened for his passage, and halting before the town-house steps, where were congregated the few leading men of the town, suddenly flung back his mantle, and wheeling his horse, disclosed upon his brown breast-plate a long white cross, such as was borne by pilgrims who had come from the Holy Sepulchre of Jerusalem. Then lifting his voice till it rang like a trumpet over the people, he placed his gauntleted right hand upon the emblem, and exclaimed—

"In this sign ye shall conquer!"

The tone, the action and the sacred symbol displayed, seemed to awaken an electric sympathy in every bosom; and a shout at once arose, prolonged by the echoing buildings around, that was like the sound of thunder in its volume. Not alone the voices of strong men swelled the fierce acclaim, but the shrill tongues of women and children added to the tumult, till the throng swayed and rocked with its own enthusiasm, and cries arose of—

"It is the voice of God!"

"It is St. Michael!"

"It is St. Denis himself!"

But the strange knight, save that his clarion voice and majestic action had awakened the excitement, appeared not to share in its manifestation. He quietly backed his steed to the steps, where presently many nobles and gentlemen began to surround him, not unimpressed with superstitious reverence of his person. But though with courteous phrase he replied to them, promising as a simple soldier to fight with them in defence of the town, he refrained from unclosing his helmet, and declined hospitality from the gentlemen, on the plea that he had already taken lodgings at an inn. Soon afterwards, followed by a crowd of the populace, he slowly wended his way toward a hostelry near the walls, at which place likewise Merindat had secured entertainment.

On the morrow the early sentinels upon the barriers of Beauvois beheld the army of Charles encamped about them—the tents of his warlike vassals and allies stretching as far as the eye could discern on every side. The summons to arms soon mustered the towns-people; but few, indeed, were their numbers compared with the overwhelming host that threatened them. Ere the day had far advanced a Burgundian herald advanced within bow-shot to summon the inhabitants to surrender, with the threat if they refused to visit upon them the punishment dealt at Nesle. He was answered by a cry of defiance, and the besieged immediately prepared for a vigorous defence.

Then it was that it appeared as if Heaven had really vouchsafed an ally in the person of the Knight of the Cross. Speedily perceiving that the untrained militia of citizens, with the gentlemen who directed them, were all unused to warfare such as that in which they were engaged, the good knight made dispositions at once for bringing every means of annoyance to bear upon the enemies without. The few hundred bowmen who were among the defenders, were arranged in effective positions upon the walls, while the men-at-arms who attended a half-dozen culverins, directed their fire upon the machines and ladders with which the Burgundians attempted to approach the ramparts. Meantime, marshalled in the rear, and sheltered by buttresses, a line was formed of women and children, who passed from one to another great stores of darts, vessels of boiling oil, together with powder and round stones as missiles to be discharged from the artillery pieces. Not content with this, there were maidens and matrons, who, unshaken by the danger, boldly mingled with their brothers and husbands on the exposed walls, and flung down with their own hands the melted fat, boiling water and heavy stones, which were the usual means of repulsing assailants when they essayed to fix their scaling ladders. When the sun sunk behind Beauvois, on that first day of defence, Charles of Burgundy, bitterly chagrined, saw that no progress had been made toward the capture of the place, though hundreds of his men-at-arms and archers lay cold beneath its walls.

Merindat, stranger as he was in Beauvois, had not remained unknown or unappreciated during the defence. Whenever assault was threatened by ladders or fire at the barriers, there the mace-bearer was seen foremost, exerting his great strength in hurling stones or darts, or in hand-to-hand conflict with the besiegers when in several instances they climbed to the very parapets, only to be beaten back by a rush of the towns-people, and the overthrow of their ladders into the ditches. Side by side with the brown knight, he had hurled a dozen stalwart Burgundians, with crushed helmets, to the ground below; and whenever a blow of his terrible mace shattered all that it encountered, the people around uttered cries of triumph and defiance of their enemies. The Knight of the Cross and the publican of St. Tron shared equally that night the benisons of those who knelt at the church altars to acknowledge their safety thus far.

But the second day's conflict was no less arduous and fierce. The courage of the besieged seemed to wax greater as they became conscious that Charles was putting forth all his strength to reduce their town—the only barrier to his advance into the heart of the French territory. In the impatience of his disposition, the Duke had advanced to the siege of Beauvois without waiting for his ordnance, which was some twenty leagues in the rear; he had, consequently, been able to support his assaults only by arrows and darts, while the besieged showered missiles into his camp from their half-dozen culverins. It was not till the fifth day of the investment that the defenders of Beauvois beheld with anxiety, the companies of men who guarded the hostile artillery advancing in the distance, with colors displayed and spears in rest. They began now, indeed, to feel that defence might be unavailing; nevertheless, with unflagging spirits, they renewed their exertions.

It was at this crisis, when the men of Beauvois, wearied out by incessant labor during the five days of struggle, began to snatch hurried intervals of repose, only to be summoned to exposure by new alarms, that a young girl presented herself in the market-place at the head of a company of maidens like herself, armed with various weapons of offence, and protected by such armor as they could arrange upon their garments.

"Our men are worn out," cried this young woman. "They are ready to drop into the ditches, even while they oppose the foe! We are come to volunteer as guards upon the walls, to relieve our brave defenders."

"Let the brown knight know of this!" answered one of the gentlemen to whom the maiden's words were addressed. "He will tell us if it be right."

The Knight of the Cross hastened to the young woman speaking for her companions, and bade them take places for the night, to relieve their wearied kinsmen. Turning then to Merindat, who, grim and unflagging, had borne like himself the burden of each day's fight, the strange champion said,

"Thou and I, comrade, will watch with these maidens until the dawning."

"In God's name, be it so!" cried Merindat, and with the brown knight he marshalled these amazonian troops upon the ramparts.

That night the ordnance of Charles belched from time to time its ill-aimed missiles against the walls of Beauvois, launching heavy stones and other projectiles, but doing little damage to the works or their defenders. Meantime the townsmen were recruiting their exhausted energies by much-needed repose, though ready to be summoned at a moment's call. At daybreak the Burgundians, with great clamor, advanced to the assault, and ere the besieged were aware of it, carried the outer barrier, and rushed with scaling-ladders to the walls: while, at the same time, a score of ordnance pieces began to play upon the town. The brown knight and Merindat were on the alert at once, and the main body of still slumbering archers was about to be summoned, when the sound of a trumpet before the principal gate, accompanied by a tremendous outcry, announced that Duke Charles was leading the assault at that point. In another instant, ladders and machines were applied to projecting buttresses across the ditch, and presently a throng of armed heads appeared above the parapets, and mailed arms, brandishing great swords, and holding Burgundian pennons, threatened the almost instant capture of the town.

But here, oh, Knight of the Cross! and here, Pierre Bart, publican of St. Tron! even your unfaltering hearts stood still a moment, and your hands for an instant poised their weapons objectless—as a sublime spectacle suddenly arrested your attention. For then it was that, like a troop of lionesses, the virgin watchers of the midnight rushed forward upon the Burgundians. Brandishing spears and swords, and bearing stones and carrying vessels of boiling oil, the amazons of Beauvois precipitated themselves to the very edge of the parapet, hurled their missiles upon the assailants, and then grasping the ladder-tops, forced many of them to swerve, with all their weight of men in armor, and topple sidewise toward the moat beneath. At their head, with long hair streaming backward over her white shoulders, and bosom heaving under her frail boddice—sole armor to protect her brave heart—the young female, Jeanne Laine, appeared, swinging a battle-axe above her fair brow. She bent over the rampart with flashing eyes, close to the press of fierce warriors ascending the ladders. At their head clambered a stalwart knight, bearing the banner of Burgundy high before him. In an instant Jeanne Laine had grasped the color-staff with her left hand, while the axe in her right fell heavily upon his steel helmet, cleaving it in twain, and dashing him headlong downward. A shout of wild triumph—more fearful than the voices of men—rose at once from the amazons, as Jeanne drew back her ensanguined weapon, and at the same instant flung the Burgundian banner into the midst of a hundred of her townsmen, who now came to the rescue, refreshed by sleep, and raging for the combat. The brown knight and Merindat mingled with them at once, and in a brief space the walls were cleared of ladders, while a hundred of the besiegers lay dead beneath them, or were dragged, wounded and bruised, beyond the outer barriers.

Valiant virgin, Jeanne Laine! Jeanne of the Hatchet! Well has thy brave deed been rehearsed in the songs of thy countrymen, till its memory has descended even to our time. The statue that long commemorated thy name, and the monument that more lately rose to perpetuate thy patriotism, have linked thy brief history with that of thy namesake, Jeanne d'Arc. No higher meed could France bestow.

The Burgundian Duke, enraged at the obstinate resistance of Beauvois, and apprehending the speedy approach of a well-appointed royal army, resolved on one more assault, which he led himself on the seventh day of the siege. But it was not to be anticipated that a town whose very women had repulsed their enemies, could be carried while one man remained upon its walls. Thrice, upon his final attempt, did Charles succeed in urging his trained soldiery to the escalade, till it almost seemed that the town was in their possession; but as often did the brave citizens bear back his force, and cast them into the moats. But as the knights and men-at-arms, led by the Duke himself, saw themselves repulsed in the third assault, and were retreating in disorder beyond the fire of the culverins, a sudden sally was made by a chosen number of the defenders, through a postern gate. Led by the Knight of the Cross and Merindat, the devoted band abruptly issued from the town, and falling upon the flying Burgundians, smote them to the right and left. In vain did the trumpet sound for reinforcements, and the knights, recalled by their prince, attempt to turn upon the townsmen. The brown knight, whirling his mighty sword, struck down all who opposed him, till at length he crossed weapons with the Duke himself. Fire flashed from their blades, and in an instant their armor rang with strokes given and received. The Burgundians, flying to the rescue of Charles, rushed upon the brown champion, but the mace of Merindat was now uplifted between them.

"Back, comrades!" cried the messenger to the citizens, "to the gate, ere the foe rallies! One blow for me is enough!"

As he said this, he raised his weapon, and shattering the swords that interpose beneath it, dealt his blow aslant upon the breast of Charles of Burgundy.

"Hah, Duke!" he shouted wildly, "thou hast felt this mace before—at Liege!"

"Seize him! slay him!" thundered Charles, as he staggered backward. But Merindat retreated instantly to the gate, where he took post with the Knight of the Cross, threatening the advance of the besiegers, until the last of the sallying party was sheltered within. Charles returned dispirited, to his camp; and next day, raising the siege of Beauvois, withdrew his army to the interior, ravaging the country to the gates of Rouen.

Great was the rejoicing among the brave citizens of Beauvois, when the last pennon of Burgundy's troops disappeared in the distance. A solemn mass and procession in honor of their patron saint, and illuminations of churches and dwellings with blessed wax candles, attested at once the gratitude of the people and their pious respect for the church. But alas! the great feature of their civic festivity was lost—the mysterious Knight of the Cross was not to be found on the morning of the fête. He had left his hostelry, after paying his reckoning, as the worthy host averred, and departed from Beauvois as quietly as he had entered it. Great were the astonishment and grief of the townspeople; and while they were loud in their lament, Merindat, the messenger, took the opportunity of their disorder to follow the example of his fellow-champion, and rode away unnoticed from the city.

The mace-bearer had more than one reason for pursuing this course; for in the first place he did not desire to be made a recipient of honor for his services during the siege, while on the other hand, he wished very much to return to the forest hunting lodge, there once more to embrace his darling Angela, and likewise converse more at length with his ancient servant, Simon Gutt. He lost no time, therefore, in the effort to put several leagues between himself and the jubilant town.

But the calculations of a wayfarer in times like these, were liable to many derangements. One night, upon his route, Merindat passed at a roadside tavern where his horse was cared for by his own hands, and a bottle of sour wine and some lentils, furnished by the host, formed the supper for which he paid roundly. The next morning as he emerged from his chamber, he beheld a score of fierce and reckless-looking men, clad in a half-military garb, much the worse for wear, and armed with a variety of weapons, drawn up upon motley steeds before the inn. A beetle-browed fellow, who appeared to be their captain, was bestriding his own good horse, which he had left the night before in his stall.

"How now, friend," cried Merindat, good-humoredly, as he reached the inn-yard, "thou hast made a mistake! It is my horse which thou hast under thee."

"Sayst thou so, comrade?" responded the *écorcheur*; for it was a remnant of one of the robber-bands that now confronted Merindat. "If so be, I do scorn to rob thee. Thou shalt have yonder steed o' mine in exchange."

Saying this, the ruffian pointed to a raw-boned and halting animal which was tethered to a post, and, like the steeds of all the others, seemed to be upon his last legs, whilst that of the messenger was a noble war-horse. The sally of their chief was received by the band with uproarious laughter; and they began at once to vent numberless jibes at the expense of Merindat. But the mace-bearer lost not his equanimity.

"I well know," said he "that gentlemen of your profession do need fleet steeds and sound, by times to 'scape the King's soldiers when they ride too hotly behind. Nevertheless, if a fair ransom will buy back this horse—which is not mine, but my master's—I will even make shift to pay what is just."

"Dost think we be arrant fools, as well as knaves," cried the *écorcheur*; "this horse that I straddle, is now mine, by right of exchange and possession, which no man dare gainsay. Now I shall not sell my steed, because he is a favorite, and because, moreover, thou hast no money to buy him withal. Art answered, good friend?"

"Nay, but I have a few pieces," said Merindat, putting his hand within his doublet, where he usually carried a pouch containing means for his expenses; but the action elicited only a shout of laughter, and the messenger perceived at once that he had been robbed during the night, without doubt by the publican, in league with the outlaws.

"Thou art penniless, it seems, good friend," said the chief *écorcheur*; "but take courage for all that. There be store o' plunder for strong hands, and a stalwart knave like thyself need not go far without finding steed and purse. Mount now, and let us all take a stirrup cup, as free companions, ere we ride."

"Ye have served me a notable trick," returned Merindat, "and as one man against twenty I have nought to say." He moved as he spoke, to the post where the outlaw's poor horse was fastened, and loosing the tether, leaped into the crazy saddle. "Farewell now, gentlemen," continued he, "go your ways, and I will go mine."

Saying this, he was about to ride off, but the outlaw captain was presently by his side, crying—

"We part not thus, an' it please thee, comrade. So fair-spoken and lusty a knave is not met with at every tavern. What say ye, my comrades, shall not he go along with us?"

A shout of approval rose from the troop, who now crowded about Merindat; and the captain muttered in his ear—

"Make no trouble, friend—for it is a matter of life and death with thee. Join our band, or say thy prayers at once."

Merindat's grasp fell at once upon the handle of his mace—that good weapon which, if he but bestrode his own steed, would have cleared him a path in an instant, albeit against such potent odds. But a moment's reflection convinced him that escape was impossible, and though he valued not life a jot, the thought of Angela in her forest retreat, came suddenly to his mind, to counsel prudence for the time. He wheeled his horse suddenly to confront the band, and forcing a smile to his lips, exclaimed, loudly,

"If forced service content ye, my masters, and inasmuch as ye have left not a groat in my purse for travel, I will e'en drink at your expense, and ride to the devil, an' it please ye."

The outlaws received this reckless speech with rapturous oaths, and presently the caitiff landlord of the inn brought flagons of wine, with deep draughts from which the new recruit was adopted into the troop of free companions. Nor was the sudden accession of Merindat to the outlaw's proposal deemed to presage any bad faith upon his part; for it was a matter of daily occurrence that discontented soldiers, peasants, and feudal retainers, united themselves with such straggling bands of mercenaries, who, under the general name of "free companions," and with distinctive appellations like that of "*écorcheurs*," still infested the country, subsisting by plunder at all times, and ready to sell their services to any of the belligerent parties or insurgent nobles who then contended throughout the realm of France. These free companies had, it was true, been suppressed in a great measure by an edict passed some years before; but immense numbers of undisciplined and roving mercenaries still swarmed throughout the continent of Europe, and during the times of civil war bands of these were continually collecting, and pursuing their unlawful profession with impunity, under the guise of adherents to this or that faction, as circumstances might favor or oppose. The "free companies," during the early part of the century, had borne no small share in the wars of France; for it was at the head of desperadoes of this character that the constable De Richemond had once captured Paris, and the Dauphin of France, now Louis XI., levied against his father the war of the *Praguerie*.

His stirrup-cup drained, the *écorcheur* captain gave the word to depart, and Merindat fell in, upon his sorry steed, apparently satisfied with his new service, but pondering already upon means of separating himself from the outlaws. He had journied but a little distance, however, when the "companion," who rode at his side, after glancing narrowly at his features, remarked abruptly—

"The horse thou ridest, friend, is a poor one—but it is better to ride that than the whipping-post of Liege."

Merindat started in his saddle as though struck by an arrow, and a flash sped from his eyes upon the *écorcheur*.

"Hah!" he muttered, "thou wert at Liege."

"Ay, comrade; and at the camp of Charles, where, if thou rememberest, I gave thee to drink of my wine, when thou layest bound with thongs, and—"

"Thou art then the Scot with whom I had speech," cried Merindat, recalling to his memory the incidents of those few days so full of shame and suffering to him, which had followed the burning of the Blue Boar.

"As thou art a Swiss, comrade," answered the free-companion.

"And thou hast left the service of Burgundy?"

"I am a soldier of fortune, comrade," replied the Scot; "and the master I serve is of no account, so his pay be sure and unstinted; but I have my own grudges to settle with Burgundy."

"Hast been scourged?" demanded Merindat fiercely, as his eyes lit up again at the memory of the wrong he had suffered.

"Nay, comrade! Iash hath never crossed these loins o' mine! 'Twas a quarrel, in good sooth, with one who was set as captain over me, and I did but use my dirk to end the matter, when, body o' me! they thought to hang me like a dog, even as they scourged thee; but I 'scaped their courtesy to join the free company, and make war where I list."

Merindat replied not; for his thoughts were busy with the past, and the Scot began presently to hum an air of his native country. So they rode on, under the shade of great trees that skirted the highway, until leagues intervened between them and the roadside inn whence they had started.

By noonday they reached a high hill, from which, at the foot of a pleasant valley, they could distinguish a small village, neither walled nor guarded, evidently the feudal possession of a castle that loomed upon an acclivity some miles beyond. Diverging at this point from the highway to penetrate the forest, they proceeded at once to make preparations for encampment, and it soon became apparent to Merindat, who listened to their consultations, that an attack was meditated after night should fall upon the peaceful hamlet in the neighborhood. Ere long an emissary was deputed to reconnoitre the ground after first exchanging his warlike accoutrements for a peasant's travel-stained garb; and the *écorcheur* captain awaiting the spy's return, proceeded with his band to indulge in food and wine, which each man drew from the leathern pouch at his saddle-bow.

Merindat, as the day wore, engaged himself in converse with the Scot, who was a pleasant fellow in his way, with much of the rough independence of his native clime, and a disposition, withal, to make the most of his narratives concerning a life passed in desultory warfare. At dusk the spy returned with intelligence that the village below was defenceless, and must fall an easy prey to a nocturnal foray. No time was lost, therefore, in arranging for the expedition, it being fixed that the houses of the magistrate and principal villagers, which the messenger had marked, were to be assaulted first. Much would Merindat have given, had he possessed it, to have been able to apprise the hapless peasantry of the danger which threatened them; but he was watched narrowly by all the band, and well knew that instant death must follow any attempt on his part to alarm the village as they descended, leading their horses by the bridle to a spot where the *coup de main* was to proceed. The *écorcheur* captain was in advance, and the mace-bearer, with his new comrade, the Scot, marched close, whilst the others followed noiselessly. Arrived at the nearest dwelling their steeds were hastily secured, and a dozen of the marauders then advanced under leadership of the spy. Merindat was left with those behind; but they had not long to wait ere shouts of alarm were heard, and at the same moment flames were seen to arise from a half dozen thatched roofs of as many cottages. Then for a brief period all was confusion, as the assailants rushed into the houses whence emerged numbers of flying women and children, whom the villains smote without mercy, even as they knelt in supplication. The male peasants, startled from their beds, appeared half-clad, and destitute of weapons, and dispersing right and left, soon left the *écorcheur* band masters of the field.

Merindat, forced onward by his jealous comrades, found himself ere he was fully aware in the interior of a dwelling, which the plunderers were rifling of the few valuables that it contained. An aged man here lay at the feet of a ruffian who had dragged him to the ground by his gray locks, and with horrid imprecations demanded where he had concealed his gold. Merindat's mace was in an instant poised, and the brutal wretch fell to the ground beneath a powerful blow just as two of his comrades entered the room. The mace-bearer received their instantly levelled swords upon his own terrible weapon, and speedily shattered the steel blades from their hands. More he might have speedily done had not a great noise risen without the house, and in a moment afterwards the tramp of galloping steeds echoed on the hard earth. The outlaws fled to the open door followed by Merindat, and behold, when they had reached it, a sight that boded them no good.

The flames from a dozen roof-trees cast their light upon the village green, beyond which were groups of half-naked men, women and babes. The *écorcheurs*, laden with booty, were emerging from the burning dwellings; but in their path, and separating them from the trees to which they had tethered their horses, were a troop of armed horsemen who rode full tilt across the green with swords uplifted and sight-ned reins. Ere they could cast aside their plunder or use their weapons, half the band were struck with cloven foreheads to the earth, and the remainder scattering in all directions, sought to gain the surrounding forest.

Merindat, following the *ecorcheurs* whose swords he had shivered, reached the roadside only in time to mingle with the other marauders, and with them encounter the horsemen's charge. So brief a space transpired between his first glimpse of the scene and the fierce onset, that he could not interpose his mace to turn aside the sword which menaced him. It fell full upon the steel cap, beating it heavily upon his skull, so that, his senses forsaking him, he fell like one dead beneath the hoofs of the furious troop.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

GODFREY DE VARENS REWARDED.

We will now retrace the course of events to the period when Godfrey de Varens, despoiled of his castle by the conflagration which had reduced its towers to ashes, found himself in no enviable position as a sojourner in the camp of General Chabannes. The Duke de Nemours, soon after his capture at the hamlet of De Varens, had been removed to Paris, where he was to linger in prison for a time, and then end his days under the headsman's axe. The Count de Dammartin, after the lapse of a few months, assumed possession of the Count d'Armagnac's sequestrated estates; and then Godfrey de Varens opened his eyes to the fact that no provision was made for securing a share to him of the lands or castles promised by his double-dealing King. The feverish blood of the disappointed Gascon now became doubly inflamed—the more so that he was no longer master of even a chateau, but, with scarce a dozen followers, indifferently equipped, waited, from day to day, in the camp at Amiens, the good pleasure of "my lord Count de Dammartin," the favorite of Louis the King. Had the warlike operations commenced with the opening year been vigorously followed up by an assault on Charles in his camp opposite Amiens, De Varens might have found, in active warfare, a respite from the moody reflections which now embittered his life; but the timorous policy of Louis kept his soldiers inactive: and are spring was entered upon, a truce for several months between France and Burgundy left the Gascon knight, with an undistinguishable throng of needy gentlemen like himself in the position of pensioners upon the royal bounty. In vain Godfrey de Varens reminded his military chief of the service which he had rendered their master by the betrayal of Count d'Armagnac; of the ruin that he had brought upon himself through the loss of his chateau and impoverishment of his small domain; his devotion was admitted, and his claims acknowledged, but the King had not yet decided upon the reward which he should bestow, though assuredly Sir Godfrey's interests would be well cared for—so said the Count de Dammartin—when the proper time should arrive.

"Maledictions!" growled the Gascon between his set teeth, as he strode up and down the pavement of the great square of Amiens, in front of the palace wherein the King had established his quarters. "The Count de Dammartin may well bid me wait the King's pleasure, while he himself hath the guerdon earned by my false faith to James d'Armagnac! By the fiend! this King o' mine shall deny me to my face, or my name's not Godfrey de Varens!"

With this muttered determination, the Gascon Knight turned from the street, and entering the palace, demanded audience of his royal master. The ante chamber of the King was, as usual, filled by nobles, gentlemen and citizens, who waited oftentimes for weeks ere they could have their petitions preferred, or even the promise of a hearing granted; for at this period the policy of Louis XI. had begun to develope itself in the studious exclusion from his confidence of the great lords, and men of note, who had been counsellors in the earlier years of his reign, and the elevation, in their place, of persons of low degree and the meanest antecedents. Already the Flemish barber Olivier le Dain, or, as the people called him, "Olivier the Devil," was a marked satellite, through whom access to the monarch's ear was sought by the proudest solicitations; while scores of inferior people swarmed in all the avenues of the court, each more or less an emissary or instrument of a sovereign who was jealous to the last degree of all who could lay claim to personal merit apart from the royal favor.

It was not the first day that Godfrey de Varens had impatiently struck his heels a hundred times upon the marble pavement of the ante-room, beyond which was the small cabinet wherein Louis gave audience to such as he chose to designate for admission. Week after week he had fruitlessly sought a hearing of his master, mingling with a crowd of disappointed claimants like himself, and departing with them at last, when the barber gave notice that the King was no longer in his cabinet. But on the present occasion he was not destined to wait long; for, as he entered, Olivier approached him and whispered—

"Follow me to the King."

The Gascon promptly obeyed.

Louis sat at a plain table, on which was a cross of ebony. He wore upon his round head a silken cap, closely fitting the skull. A short cloak, with heavy collar and border of ermine, covered the black doublet and hose which composed his dress beneath. He was sealing a packet as De Varens entered, and half of his sensual face was hidden, as he leaned over the table.

Olivier le Dain pronounced the name of "Godfrey de Varens," and then retired noiselessly to an alcove, out of sight and hearing of the King, who, turning with a bland smile to the Gascon, said—

"Welcome, dear friend and faithful subject! It is long since we have met."

"My liege, it is not my fault that we have not met," returned De Varens. "Your servants without know my face well."

"Ay, the rascals have their ends to answer," rejoined Louis. "Thou hast not emptied thy purse into their hands?"

"Faith, my purse hath long been empty—since my castle was burnt in the King's service, and a beggarly pittance left its owner."

"By our Lady of Embrun! it is too bad!" exclaimed the King, with well affected warmth. "It must be seen to that so faithful a servant go not unrewarded. Thou shalt have straightway an order upon our treasurer for a sum fitting thy needs, and thy future shall be looked to."

"Many thanks, my liege!" said the Gascon; "but if there be a royal signature to some grant of lands and castles heretofore spoken of, it would be specially fitting my needs as well as your kingly promise."

"In good time—in good time, man," returned Louis, quickly. "I have not done with thee yet, Sir Godfrey, and thy faithful service will but increase thy guerdon at the last. I have now a delicate commission for thee, good friend."

"Pray God it be not to stir up a rebellious town, and be buffeted afterwards for my zeal," said the Gascon bluntly.

"Tut! forget the past!" replied Louis. "It is no tampering with citizens now, Sir Godfrey. Thou art to bear this packet to the court of my good brother Charles, Monsieur de Guienne, and there seek out a worthy priest who is my dear brother's friend, and is called Jourdan Favre, Abbe de St. Jean d'Angeli. Look—his name is endorsed upon the packet!" The King laid his finger upon the sealed missive, and De Varens, glancing at the superscription, saw that it was not the hand-writing of the King, but a cramped scrawl, evidently the disguised manuscript of one of his familiars."

"Thou art to convey this package into the hands of Jourdan Favre, and no other, Sir Godfrey; and when a certain event shall thereafter occur—mark me, a *certain* event—thou art to seek out the Sieur de Lescun, who is my dear brother's best friend and confidant, and bear hither from him such message as he may charge thee with."

"And what is that certain event, my liege?" asked De Varens.

"*My brother's death!*" replied Louis, in a low tone, without apparent emotion. "I have news that Monsieur de Guienne is dying, and that there is no remedy in his case. He cannot survive fifteen days, so they tell me."

The Gascon drew a long breath, as his glance fell upon the King's impassible features.

"Am I to denounce this Abbe Jourdan Favre as his murderer?" asked he, abruptly.

"Without doubt the Abbe is guilty," answered Louis. "Thou wilt be safe, therefore, in accusing him; for we must at least punish what we cannot prevent. Now hasten, my good friend, upon thy journey! Olivier will give thee an ar-

der for wherewith to line thy purse, and a safeguard for protection on the route. The packet endorsed thou wilt give only to Jourdon Favre, and have no further speech with him, but await only till thou has seen the Sieur de Lescun. Dost comprehend?"

"And after I have seen the Sieur de Lescun—what then?" demanded the Gascon.

"Return hither, straightway; and on a King's word thou shalt have all that I ever promised thee."

"Your commands shall be obeyed to the letter, my liege!" said Godfrey de Varens, as he obeyed the signal of dismission, and followed Olivier le Dain from the cabinet.

In a few hours, he was furnished with money sufficient to enable him to re-equip the few followers who remained attached to him, as well as to furnish himself properly for his journey to Guienne. Then retiring to his quarters, he drew from his doublet the packet with which he had been entrusted, and narrowly scrutinized it.

It was but a small matter in size, this packet, containing apparently some hard substance, of the shape, as it seemed, of a dagger, or other similar weapon: but De Varens speculated, as well as he might, while handling it, concerning what weighty events would very likely attend its delivery to Jourdan Favre. The flimsy veil with which Louis had appeared to conceal some deep design, involving his brother's death, was not calculated to deceive one so versed in duplicity as the Gascon knight; nevertheless, it was neither his business nor interest to fathom the policy of his master, and he quieted all scruples of conscience, if any he felt, by reflecting upon the prospect of speedy reward, of which the King's last promise had assured him. He returned the packet, therefore, to his doublet, and was preparing to depart upon his journey, when the door of his chamber was abruptly opened, and the bent figure of an old woman presented itself.

"My good lord, my kind Sir Godfrey, you are going upon a journey," mumbled the crone, sidling in toward the knight; "alack! what is to become of poor Babette?"

"Trouble me not, woman," said De Varens, in a savage tone. "I have no time to list to thy babble."

He moved, in speaking, to depart, but Babette caught his cloak and detained him.

"I have not a groat, my good master," she whined. "And who will give me bread? I shall starve if I be not cared for."

"Why didst thou not burn i' the castle, hag?" exclaimed Sir Godfrey. "If the child in thy charge perished, 'twas thine own folly or evil doing, and may a curse light on thy ill-omened head! Go thy ways, and let loose my mantle!"

"I'll not loose my master," cried the crone, struggling to keep her hold, "till I be cared for in mine age and infirmity. Did I not do my lord's bidding for twelve years, slaving in the miller's house, to keep watch of the child Angela, as she grew apace at the Inn of St. Tron? 'Twas not my fault that the child was lost in the burning castle. I will be cared for now, in mine age, by the master I have served."

"Thou liest! none hast thou served but thy vile self, and thyself shall care for thee, if the devil will. Off, now—I'll no more with thee!" Saying this, De Varens smote the old woman with his mailed hand, so that her decrepid frame tottered and fell to the floor. She rose, however, instantly, as her master disappeared through the door, and followed him as fast as she might, moaning and crying the while like one crazed. But the knight had leaped quickly upon his horse, which was held without by a mounted serving-man, whilst others were in saddle around; and in a moment more the troop clattered away toward the gate of Amiens, leaving Babette kneeling upon the pave, her thin hands clasped together, and her gray hair fluttering in the breeze that she filled with bitter curses.

De Varens, blind instrument of an unscrupulous master, pursued his way from Amiens, with the narrow packet addressed to Jourdan Favre hidden closely under his doublet, until he arrived at the capital of Charles de Guienne, where that prince had surrounded himself with a gay court of lords and ladies, who passed their time in fêtes at which they vaunted much concerning their prince's prospect of soon shutting up Louis in Paris, if they did not drive him from his throne. "Monseigneur," they were accustomed to boast, "will soon run down his brother, so that poor Louis will have no chance of escape."

Monseigneur, the Duke de Guienne, himself, was well content to believe possible all they promised, and to await the perfect combination of the league between Burgundy, Brittany and England, that was to annihilate the French monarchy, and divide the realm into a dozen independent feudalities. Such was the condition of affairs when Godfrey de Varens arrived, and at once sought out the Abbe de St. Jean d'Angeli to whom he delivered the packet of Louis XI. Jourdan Favre smiled in receiving it, and was very gracious to the King's messenger for whom he at once made a feast, and, in parting from him at the close, insisted that he should come often to the palace. But De Varens remembering his master's instructions, retired to a hostelry, where he took up his quarters to await whatever might occur.

Nor had the King's messenger long to wait; for the next day there ran a rumor through the town that some fearful calamity had taken place in the ducal palace. Charles de Guienne—lately so full of health and gayety—was lying upon his bed assaulted with a grievous malady. He had supped the night before with Lady de Montsoreau, at the house of his chaplain, Jourdan Favre: but had eaten nothing save a fish which he had set before him. Yet both the lady and monseigneur were seized that night with agonizing pains, and the former in a few hours expired in spite of all the art that medicines could render. Charles de Guienne lingered, but his sufferings were terrible.

The news reached Godfrey de Varens as he sat in his chamber at the inn; and the knight understood at once that he must now wait upon the Sieur de Lescun. Accordingly, he soon after presented himself at the palace, where all was commotion and dismay; the gay court thunderstruck at the fearful event which had taken place, and appalled with the dread of other evils to come. De Varens had no difficulty in finding the Count de Lescun, who had just left the bedside of the dying Duke.

"I come from the King of France," said the Gascon, "commissioned to receive a message from the Sieur de Lescun!"

"You have been expected!" was the calm rejoinder of the Duke's "best friend." "You have already seen the Abbe de St. Jean d'Angeli."

"I have, my lord."

"Know you what has since occurred?"

"The Sieur de Lescun will enlighten me, if I do not," answered the cautious messenger.

"The Duke de Guienne has been poisoned, and lies in a dying state. The Abbe de St. Jean d'Angeli has been arrested, and is now in prison. It was he who prepared the fish of which the Duke and his lady partook—and the poisoned knife which he used, was given to him by yourself—one Godfrey de Varens!"

"My lord! I know of no poisoned knife."

"It is in vain to deny it! Jourdan Favre hath confessed and accuses thee!" The Sieur de Lescun clapped his hands, as he said this, summoning a gentleman in waiting. "Let the guard at once bear this wretched man to a dungeon," cried he, in a loud voice. "He is one of the murderers of our master and lord!"

Godfrey de Varens, thunderstruck at the unlooked for turn which affairs had taken, endeavored vainly to plead his ignorance of the entire matter. De Lescun turned his back, only ordering the guards, who now entered, to perform their duty instantly. A few moments later, the Gascon knight found himself left in solitude and darkness in a subterranean dungeon of the castle, chained hand and foot to its stone walls. "Maledictions!" he muttered hoarsely, as he dashed his forehead against the floor; "I am trapped by Louis at last."

Such was the recompense which the wily King of France had prepared for his instrument. The truce of Amiens had indeed a purpose, since during its continuance, so strong an ally as the Duke de Guienne was to be removed from the side of Burgundy. Charles of France lingered for a few weeks, in torture, and then followed his mistress, the Lady of Montsoreau; and the truce, abruptly broken, resulted as we have already related, in the succession of events, beginning with the capture of Nesle by Charles the Rash, and concluding, after the repulse at Beauvois, by the withdrawal of the Burgundian forces beyond the Norman border. Louis, freed from his brother, troubled not himself to avenge the atrocities perpetrated at Nesle upon his subjects, but falling back to his usual intriguing, pursued his schemes to dismember the opposition that had been arrayed against him.

The Sieur de Lescun did not long remain attached to the Burgundian interest, but accepting large grants of territory and posts of honor from the French King, persuaded Francis of Brittany to desert likewise the standard of his friend and supporter, Charles. In a few months after the siege of Beauvois, the Duke of Burgundy found himself forced to retreat to his Flemish capital and there endeavor to recover his lost ground by attaching to himself other interests in place of those by which he had been abandoned. We shall touch once again upon the romantic features of his adventurous career, for they are interwoven with the remaining incidents of our narrative—the varying threads of which are now converging towards that Forest Lodge, where still lingers the sweet heroine of our story.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

CONGRESSIONAL.

CONTINUATION OF THE KANSAS DEBATE.

Announcement of the Death of Senator Rusk.

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.

SENATE.

On the 18th, Mr. Seward, of New York, presented a petition from ninety eight citizens of Phelps, New York, praying that some measures be adopted for the peaceful and gradual extinction of slavery, by making a compensation for the loss sustained by the owners, out of the public treasury. Laid on the table.

Mr. Harlan, of Iowa, introduced a bill making a grant of land in Iowa, in alternate sections, to aid in the construction of railroads in that State.

On motion of Mr. Chandler, of Michigan, a resolution was adopted, requesting the Secretary of War to furnish the Senate with statements, showing the number of troops stationed in Kansas territory, for each quarter, from the 1st of January, 1855, to the present time.

A bill was passed authorizing certain officers and men, who were engaged in the Arctic Expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, to receive the gold medals presented them by the British government.

The special order of the day, the consideration of Kansas affairs, was then taken up.

Mr. Hale, of New Hampshire, said he had refrained from participating in the debate heretofore, because he presumed the public were more anxious to hear from other Senators, rather than learn the opinions of so humble an individual as himself. He did not think this discussion ill-timed or premature. The distinguished Senator from Illinois (Mr. Douglas) had spoken, and his speech fully met the public expectations. He agreed with Mr. Douglas in opposing the Lecompton Constitution, but not because it was in contravention of the principle and policy of the Kansas-Nebraska bill. He opposed it for just an opposite reason, namely: because he considered it in exact conformity with that act. He regarded it as a part of the original programme, and as carrying it out in letter and spirit. He was inclined to think that, in the controversy between Mr. Douglas and the President, the palm of victory ought to be awarded to the President. When the latter undertakes to bring in the Federal army to force this obnoxious constitution down the throats of the people of Kansas, it is because he understands the Kansas Nebraska act just as well as though he had been in the country at the time that measure became a law. Mr. Hale was opposed to the whole thing, from beginning to end; was opposed to the tree and its foliage, and now was opposed to plucking the ripe fruit. He could only judge the object of the passage of the bill, in the natural and inevitable consequences which must have resulted from such a measure. That object could be nothing else than to break down the barrier which separated the free territory from the slave territory, and bring Kansas into the Union as a slave State, legally and peaceably, if it could: but to bring it in as a slave State any how. Some of the advocates of that bill, the senior Senator from South Carolina included, had avowed at the time that it was their purpose to extend slavery into Kansas. With regard to the proceedings in Kansas, under the Nebraska bill, the elections were carried, not by a mob from Missouri, but by an invading army, who went over the line with drum and fife, and banners flying, and carried everything their own way, and returned across the river, openly avowing they had conquered the territory. Thus matters went on in this kind of "perfect freedom" and "popular sovereignty," and at length the convention assembled to form a constitution for the future State of Kansas, and what did they do? They adopted the very best plan which could be devised to make Kansas a slave State. This plan was that the people were very generously permitted to vote for the constitution with slavery or for the constitution without slavery, but it was a somewhat singular fact, and might perhaps go far to explain the vote, that the constitution without slavery was a more stringent pro-slavery instrument than the constitution with slavery. If the constitution was adopted with slavery, there were means provided at some future period by which the slaves might be emancipated; but the adoption of the constitution without slavery made the institution perpetual. It has been said that this matter was in the hands of the people, who could at any time change their constitution and abolish slavery, if they saw fit, but he contended that they had no such power. He had heard a great deal about popular sovereignty, but thought there were two kinds—one genuine, the other spurious. The kind of popular sovereignty which it was now proposed to establish in Kansas, was not the genuine article, and he would mention two or three cases of what he regarded as real popular sovereignty.

On the 17th of January, 1775, eighteen months previous to the Declaration of Independence, the people of New Hampshire came together, and ignoring the King and Parliament of Great Britain altogether, adopted a written constitution, embodying the great principles of civil liberty. That was genuine popular sovereignty. Next, the Declaration of Independence, by which our fathers declared that henceforth they would regard the people of England as "enemies in war—in peace friends," was another example of genuine popular sovereignty. But there was still another instance, and one in the history of England which he had ever regarded with profound admiration. That was when the House of Commons, ignoring the House of Lords, as a useless appendage to the government, and ignoring also the old doctrine of legal sovereignty, determined to bring King Charles the First before their tribunal and try him as a criminal. They did so, and found him guilty of high crimes against the State: and for these crimes his head was severed from his body—This event had cast a shadow over the crowned heads of Europe which has ever since rested on them—and liberty is to-day safer in England and in this country in consequence of that occurrence. Allusion was made to the remark of Mr. Broderick, that President Buchanan and his cabinet were to blame for the excited state of Kansas. He dissented from that opinion. He thought neither the present Executive nor his predecessor was the man to guide and control public events—but they were vanes, set in high places, to show the direction of public sentiment. Mr. Hale read an abstract from one of Mr. Buchanan's former speeches, in which he declared that "all Christendom is leagued against the south on this question of domestic slavery." Of course, then, remarked Mr. Hale, the south can have no allies except those who are out of Christendom. (Laughter.) But what does Mr. Buchanan say in the next sentence? "They have no other allies to sustain their constitutional rights except the 'Democracy of the North.'" There's a fight for you! All Christendom on the one side, and the Democracy on the other. (Laughter.)

Mr. Hale proposed speaking on the subject of the Dred Scott decision, but before entering upon this branch of his remarks, at the suggestion of Mr. Seward he gave way for a motion, which prevailed, to proceed to the consideration of Executive business.

The Senate afterwards adjourned.

On the 19th, Mr. Gwin, of California, reported a bill authorizing the President to contract for the transportation of the mails, troops, munitions of war, &c., over railroad, from the Missouri river to San Francisco. The bill was made the special order on the first Monday in February.

Mr. Clay, of Alabama, from the Committee on Commerce, reported back the bill to repeal all laws granting bounties to vessels engaged on the Banks or other codfisheries.

Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, introduced a bill to amend the act to continue half pay to certain widows and orphans, approved February, 1853. Referred to the Committee on Pensions.

On motion of Mr. Seward, of New York, a resolution was adopted requesting the President, if not incompatible with the public interests, to communicate to the Senate any information in his possession derived from the officers of the United States squadron on the coast of Africa, or from the British or French governments, or any other official source, concerning the revival of the African slave trade.

Mr. Houston, of Texas, announced the death of Hon. Thos. J. Rusk, his late colleague. He stated the deceased was born in Pendleton, South Carolina, and descended from an Irish patriot, who immigrated to this country in consequence of the troubles which occurred there in 1791. He traced the history of his life, and feelingly alluded to his eminent services in the Texan revolution, and the various offices filled by that gallant gentleman, who was not less distinguished for modesty of character than for heroism and practical genius. He stood conspicuous in everything good and great, and his death could not but be regarded as a national calamity.

Mr. Collamer, of Vermont, remarked that it had been his lot to be placed at the head of the Post Office Department, at a time when there was a majority in each House of Congress in political opposition to the President and his Cabinet. Under such circumstances he made the acquaintance of Mr. Rusk, who was the chairman of the Post Office Committee of the Senate. He was led, not only to cherish a respect for the deceased, but to feel a deep confidence in, and friendship toward him.

Mr. Gwin, of California, followed, saying that Thomas Rusk more closely resembled the great patriot of England, John Hampden, than any man whom he ever knew.

Mr. Seward, of New York, said he was not Mr. Rusk's kinsman, nor neighbor, nor even political associate. He was, nevertheless, attached to him by bonds as strong as the charity that concentrates even those relations. They were peculiar bonds. He was his captive—an adversary overpowered and conquered by his generosity in his first encounter with him, here in this field of sectional strife. Released on parole, a prisoner at large, but devoted to him by servitude for the whole period of his life. In that character he followed the hearse which was bearing him away from his sight. During Mr. Seward's eloquent remarks, he said: "Farewell to a noble Patriot, a heroic Soldier, a faithful Statesman, and a generous Friend—loved by no means the least, although among the last of friends secured!"

The usual resolutions were adopted, and the Senate adjourned.

On the 20th, Mr. Iverson, of Georgia, introduced a bill to increase the efficiency of the Army and Marine Corps, by retiring the disabled officers. Referred to the Committee on Military Affairs.

Mr. Iverson also gave notice of his intention to introduce a bill to change and regulate the mode of appointing Cadets to the Military Academy at West Point, and to modify the laws relative to that establishment.

Mr. Hale, of N. H., resumed his remarks from Monday; commencing on two of the positions held by the Supreme Court in the celebrated Dred Scott case: Firstly—the Court affirm that the right of property in slaves is of the same nature as the right of all other property; and, Secondly—That the right to hold this description of property and traffic in slaves, at the time of the American Revolution, and the adoption of the Federal Constitution, was so universally recognized and acknowledged, both by England and this country, that no man thought of disputing it. He took issue with the Court on both these points. The legal principle was unsound, and unsupported by authority; what purported to be the statement of a fact was equally unsupported by the truth of history. The first proposition was more distinctly and fully expressed in the Lecompton Constitution, where it is declared that the right of property is before and higher than any constitutional sanction, and the right of the owner of a slave, to such slave and its increase, is the same and as inviolate as right. He had a higher respect for the Lecompton Convention than for the Supreme Court, because the Convention had been more explicit than the Court, in stating just what they meant. He did not deny that in the States tolerating slavery there was a legal property in slaves. In some of the Free States there was a qualified property in human beings. In New Hampshire criminals were sent to the penitentiary for the public, and anybody might contract with the warden having the custody of those prisoners for their labor. The laws recognize his right to the labor of the convicts, and he can take them where he pleases, within the jurisdiction of that State; but if he shall cross the Connecticut River, and undertake to make them quarry marble in the Green Mountains of Vermont, his right to their labor would cease. Precisely similar was the right of the slaveholder to the labor of his slaves. It is legally right, where slavery exists by law, but no where else. The moment the slave goes beyond the jurisdiction which imposes servitude, that moment he was free. There was an essential difference between the labor of human beings and the right of property in inanimate things and in the brute creation. A man may go all over the world with a horse, and everywhere, both among civilized and savage nations, his right to ownership will be respected. This right does not depend upon the existence of a statute law, but because, by the universal consent of mankind, a horse is the subject of property. When the horse was created, he was made to be the property of man, and man was made to own him. The right dates back to the earliest period of recorded time. When God created the earth and gave it to man to cultivate, and filled the land with cattle and the sea with fish, and the air with fowls, God gave man dominion over the cattle and the fish and the fowls, but never gave him dominion over his fellow man. He reserved His last and greatest work for his own peculiar ownership. This distinction had been recognized by every writer who ever wrote on the subject, and by no States more clearly and decisively than by Virginia, Maryland, Louisiana, and other slaveholding States.

It has also been recognized by the unanimous concurrence of every member of the Supreme Court of the United States; and in support of his argument he read extracts from various authorities. During his remarks, he declared that if the attempt was persisted in to force the Lecompton Constitution on the people of Kansas, he hoped they would fight and resist even unto blood and death.

Mr. Harlan, of Iowa, obtained the floor, when, On motion, the further consideration of the Kansas question was postponed till Monday next. Adjourned.

On the 21st, Mr. Johnson, of Tennessee, from the Committee on Public Lands, reported back the "Homestead Bill," recommending its passage.

The consideration of the bill was made the special order for the second Monday in February.

Mr. Bayard, of Del., from the Committee on the Judiciary, reported a resolution, that Messrs. Jesse D. Bright and Graham N. Fitch, whose election as Senators from Indiana is contested, and all persons protesting against their election, or any of them, by themselves, or agents or attorneys, be permitted to take testimony on the allegations of the protestants and the sitting members, touching all matters therein contained, before any Judge of the District Court of the United States, or any Judge of the Superior or Circuit Court of Indiana, by first giving ten days' notice of time and place of the proceedings, in some public gazette, printed at Indianapolis.

The resolution was laid over for future consideration.

The Senate took up the joint resolution authorizing the President to present a medal, with suitable devices, to Com. Paulding, commander of the home squadron, as a testimonial of the high sense entertained by Congress of his gallant and judicious conduct in arresting a lawless military expedition, and preventing the same from carrying on actual war against Nicaragua.

The resolution was advocated at length by Mr. Doolittle, of Wisconsin.

Mr. Brown, of Miss., moved a substitute for the resolution, declaring that the arrest of Gen. Walker and his followers was a violation of the territorial sovereignty of a friendly power, and not being sustained by any existing law, Congress disavows the act and expresses its condemnation of Com. Paulding's conduct in this regard. Mr. Brown replied at length to Mr. Doolittle; and was followed by Mr. Pugh, of Ohio, on the same side.

Mr. Pearce, of Md., obtained the floor, but yielded to a motion to adjourn till Monday, which prevailed.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 18th, the Speaker announced the following special committees, appointed to investigate the charges against members or officers of the House, growing out of the expenditures by the Middlesex Manufacturing Company, in relation to the tariff of 1857: Messrs. Stanton, of Ohio, Moore, of Alabama, Kunkel, of Pennsylvania, Wright, of Georgia, and Russell, of New York.

A large number of bills were introduced and referred. Among them were the following:—by Mr. Taylor, of New York, to promote the progress of the useful arts and regulate the granting of patents for inventions.

Mr. Kelley, of New York, a bill securing homesteads for actual settlers on the public domain.

Mr. Bennett, of New York, a bill to establish a railroad and telegraph line to the Pacific, for postal and military purposes.

Mr. Florence, of Pennsylvania, a bill for the ascertainment and settlement of the claims of French spoliations.

Mr. Morris, of Pennsylvania, a bill establishing an international copyright.

Mr. Grow, of Pennsylvania, a bill to prevent the future sales of public lands by proclamation of the United States until the same shall have been surveyed at least fifteen years.

Mr. Letcher, of Virginia, a bill establishing a branch mint in the city of New York. Referred to the Committee of Ways and Means.

On motion of Mr. Keitt, of South Carolina, a resolution was adopted calling on the President to communicate copies of all correspondence between the governments of the United States and France, on the subject of the abolition of privateering and the exemption of private people from capture on the high seas.

Mr. Cobb, of Alabama, presented a bill granting to Alabama and other States having unsold lands therein, those which have been in the market for thirty years and upwards.

Mr. Quitman, of Mississippi, a bill to repeal certain sections of the neutrality laws. Referred to the Judiciary Committee.

Mr. Zollikoffer, of Tennessee, offered a resolution instructing the Committee on the Judiciary to inquire into the expediency of reporting a bill to regulate or restrain the immigration or importation of foreign paupers and criminals into the United States. Adopted. Yeas 137, nays 3?.

A resolution was adopted providing for the appointment of a select committee of five to inquire into the accounts and official conduct of the late doorkeeper of the House, with power to send for persons and papers.

Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, asked leave to offer a resolution authorizing the President to negotiate, through the State Department, for the acquisition of Canada, Nova Scotia, and other parts of British North America; also Cuba and other islands adjacent thereto, and annexing them to the United States. In the event of any such acquisition being made, no portion shall be admitted into the Union till it has a sufficient population to send one member to the House of Representatives, or until the *bona fide* residents shall have an opportunity of voting on the Constitution, and regulating their domestic institutions in their own way, subject only to the Constitution of the United States.

The introduction of the resolution was objected to.

Mr. Giddings, of Ohio, asked leave to offer a long preamble and resolution setting forth "human rights," as embodied in the Declaration of Independence, and declaring the Supreme Court, in the Dred Scott decision, had unjustly assailed the learning, intelligence and christianity of the distinguished Revolutionary patriots who signed that document, and brought discredit on the Judiciary of the United States.

Mr. Harris, of Illinois, objected to this means of obtaining the right of an hour's speech, under the guise of a joint resolution.

Mr. Bocock, of Virginia, wanted to know whether the hour rule applied in this case. (Laughter.)

Objections were made to the introduction of the resolution.

Mr. Humphrey Marshall, of Kentucky, asked, but did not obtain, leave to offer a resolution, proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, by providing that only native-born citizens, and those naturalized according to the general naturalization laws, shall be deemed qualified electors under the Constitution.

Mr. Smith, of Illinois, introduced a bill to apportion the clerks and messengers of the several Legislative Departments, among the States and Territories—and moved its reference to a special committee.

Mr. Houston, of Alabama, wished to know whether there were members enough to make any more special committees.

Mr. Smith—We'll try to find some. (Laughter.)

Mr. Jones, of Tennessee, said it was a proposition to change the power of appointment as provided for by the Constitution, and distribute the spoils among the members of Congress. He moved to lay the bill on the table.

Pending which the House adjourned.

On the 19th, Mr. John Cochrane, of New York, presented a petition from Isaac V. Fowler, ex-postmaster of New York city, and many others, for an appropriation of public lands, in limited quantities, to actual settlers, and remonstrating against further traffic and monopoly of the same.

The Speaker announced as the special committee to examine the accounts and official conduct of N. Darling, late doorkeeper of the House, the following gentlemen: Messrs. Hughes, Ind.; Jenkins, Va.; Purviance, Pa.; Bryan, Texas, and Thompson, N. Y.

The House refused, by a vote of 4 ayes to 143 nays, to table the bill introduced the day before, providing for the equitable distribution of the clerks and messengers of the Departments in Washington, among the several States and Territories.

Mr. Warren, of Arkansas, wanted the chief clerks and heads of the bureaus included.

Mr. Giddings', of Ohio, suggestion, to distribute the offices according to population, instead of representation, occasioned much laughter.

On motion, the bill was referred to a select committee of seven.

Mr. Kellogg, of Illinois, introduced a bill authorizing deposits of bullion, gold and silver coin, and issuance of certificates therefor.

Mr. Greenwood, of Arkansas, asked leave to offer a resolution instructing the Committee on the Judiciary to inquire as to the expediency of reporting a bill providing for the punishment for negro stealing in the Indian country. Mr. Bliss, of Ohio, objected.

The proceedings in the Senate, consequent on the death of Mr. Rusk, having been received,

Mr. Reagan, of Texas, paid a tribute to the illustrious deceased—"The brave, generous, and popular commander in battle, and the statesman, who so long and faithfully served in the councils of the nation."

Mr. Keitt, of South Carolina, representing the State which gave Mr. Rusk birth, "laid a glove on his freshly-closed grave, whose ambitions are hushed and rivalries forever stilled."

Messrs. Jackson, of Georgia, Quitman, of Mississippi, and Clark, of New York, followed in eulogies on the deceased, when the usual resolutions of respect were adopted. Adjourned.

On the 20th, a number of bills were introduced, including one by Mr. Scott (California) providing for the better security of passengers on board of vessels navigating the ocean, propelled in whole or in part by steam. He stated that it has for its basis a memorial from the Board of Underwriters of New York. Referred to the Committee on Commerce.

Mr. McKibbon, of California, introduced a bill granting alternate sections of land in California in aid of the railroads in that State.

Mr. Davis, of Miss., introduced the French Spoliation Bill.

The Speaker laid before the House the resolves of the Nebraska Legislative Assembly, setting forth that a very large majority of the legal voters of that Territory voted for Mr. Ferguson, whose seat as delegate is contested by Mr. Chapman, and repelling certain aspersions cast on Mr. Ferguson's character.

The following members compose the committee to which was referred the bill to divide the clerks and messengers of the departments at Washington among the States and Territories pro rata, viz.: Robert Smith, Seward, Kelsey, Pendleton, Gilman, Clemens and Anderson.

The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the President's Annual Message.

A debate ensued on the proposition to refer so much of the President's Message as referred to the Pacific Railroad to a select committee.

Mr. Maynard, of Tenn., said that such a road was recommended in the Cincinnati platform and in the Inaugural and Annual Messages of the President. It was as much a part of the programme of the Administration as the acquisition of Cuba and the protectorate of Central America. [Laughter.]

Mr. Greenwood, of Ark., believed that such a road would be constitutional and proper. Congress had talked enough about the subject, and it ought now to act. He had a preference for one route, but was prepared to vote for almost any other, rather than have none at all.

Mr. Bennett, of New York, offered a substitute, proposing to refer the subject to a committee of thirteen, designating the number respectively to be appointed from each section of the Union, according to federal representation. He remarked that such a committee would not be likely to favor the eccentricities of a certain leading gentleman's plans, but make a fair report. He did not believe the Southern route was practicable. New York is more interested in the road than the whole South, and three-fourths of the business with California, is north of Virginia.

Mr. Letcher, of Va., said that, as there seemed to be a desire to nurse this bantling, he preferred that it should go to the Committee on Roads and Canals, the Chairman of that committee having nothing else to nurse, unless the House gave him this. [Laughter.]

[*Note by Reporter.*—Mr. Jones, of Tenn., the Chairman alluded to, is a bachelor.]

Mr. Letcher observed that, so far as he was concerned, he was opposed to the Pacific Railroad measure, whether recommended by the President or anybody else.

Mr. Harris, of Ill., said he had an objection to the source [meaning Mr. Bennett, of New York,] whence came this proposition to divide the Union into patchwork. He supposed the gentleman from Va. (Mr. Letcher) would not be read out of the party for opposing the President's views on this subject, because he was not an aspirant for the Presidency. If he were, the Washington Union and others would be attacking him.

Mr. Washburne, of Ill., was for the Pacific Railroad, earnestly, sincerely and in good faith. He did not care from what side the proposition came, nor to whom the credit would be attributed.

Mr. Harris—Will you vote for the Southern route?

Mr. Washburne—That will depend on circumstances. But as far as I am concerned, I will vote for no route unless it is fixed by law. I voted for the wagon route to the Pacific, but instead of the route being left to contractors, it was selected by the Administration.

Mr. Phelps, of Mo., earnestly appealed to the gentlemen to cease talking and vote.

Mr. Florence, of Pa., advocated sending the subject to the Committee on Roads and Canals. Because the chairman of that committee did not believe in the constitutional power to construct railroads, it did not follow as a consequence that the majority of the members of that committee believed with him.

Mr. Millson, of Va., confessed to so much bluntness of intellect, as not to see in what part of the Constitution such power is conferred. He wanted a select committee to report the fact for general information.

Mr. Seward, of Ga., thought the subject ought to be referred to the Committee on Revisal and Unfinished Business, for it had been here since he had been in Congress. Gentlemen seemed to differ, therefore the subject ought to be reviewed and revised. He knew no better reference.

Mr. Davis, of Md., for Mr. Millson's information, said the power to construct roads was found in the Constitution under several clauses, which he read, and also quoted Presidents Jefferson, Madison and John Quincy Adams, as signing bills for internal improvements.

Mr. Leiter, of Ohio, said this subject should be considered, not only as to its practicability but its constitutionality. The Constitution granted no power to build railroads. If the Democratic doctrine prevails, there is an end of the matter. He congratulated the Democracy: its President has recommended a policy which the party has earnestly resisted for the last twenty-five years.

The Committee of the Whole, after rejecting all the pending resolutions, adopted one, setting forth that so much of the President's Message as relates to the Pacific Railroad, be referred to a select committee of fifteen, with power to report by bill or otherwise.

The committee then rose, when the resolutions heretore considered, referring the various branches to appropriate committees were concurred in; the one relative to Pacific Railroad, by a vote of 136 yeas against 60 nays. Adjourned.

On the 21st, Mr. Kunkel, of Pennsylvania, asked to be excused from service on the Select Committee appointed to investigate the disbursement of the "Tariff Fund" by the Middlesex Manufacturing Company.

Mr. Durfee, of Rhode Island, hoped the request would not be acceded to, as that gentleman (Mr. Kunkel) the other day, in the most lame manner, charged the New England members with joining the "free-traders" to strike down the interests of Pennsylvania. As a representative from one of the New England States, he wanted Mr. Kunkel's mind relieved, and hoped the matter would be thoroughly sifted.

Mr. Kunkel replied that if what the gentleman from Rhode Island (Mr. Durfee) supposed was true, he (Mr. Kunkel) ought to be the last man on that Committee.

On motion, Mr. Kunkel was excused from acting on the Committee.

Mr. J. Glancy Jones, from the Committee on Ways and Means, reported bills making appropriations for fortifications, for the naval service, for civil expenses, and for Legislative, Executive and Judicial expenses.

Mr. Phelps, from the same Committee, reported a bill appropriating $790,000 to supply the deficiency in the amount appropriated for paper, printing, binding, and engraving, ordered by the two preceding Congresses.

Mr. John Cochrane, of New York, from the Committee on Commerce, reported a bill providing for the general introduction of a uniform code of marine signals. Mr. Cochrane said that this bill was of more importance to the commerce and reputation of the country, for humanity, than any others which could be presented, and should be passed in preference to them.

Mr. Bocock, of Virginia, from the Naval Committee, reported back the Senate resolution, extending till the 17th of April next, the time during which the officers aggrieved by the action of the retiring board can make application for examination of their cases. The resolution passed with an amendment providing that the time within which such examinations are to be made shall not be extended. Mr. Bocock stated that the bill was to enable the Courts of Inquiry to finish the cases now before them.

Various reports were made from the Standing Committees, the above being the most interesting, and at an early hour the House adjourned.

On the 22nd, Mr. Zollikoffer, of Tenn., asked, but did not obtain leave, to introduce a resolution calling upon the President to communicate all the information which gave rise to the Utah expedition, the instruction to its leaders and all the correspondence shedding light on the question, to show how far Brigham Young has gone in rebellion or resistance to the government of the United States.

The House then went into Committee on the Private Calendar. Without coming to any conclusion, the committee soon rose.

Mr. Davis, of Maryland, introduced a bill for the improvement of the Patapsco river, to render the port of Baltimore accessible to war and steam frigates.

The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union. The Invalid Pension Bill was taken up.

Mr. Billinghurst, of Wis., argued against the practicability of a Southern, and in favor of a Northern Pacific Railroad route.

Mr. Warren, of Ark., asked him whether he would vote for the Southern route, if the committee should report it the nearest and cheapest and most practicable route?

Mr. Billinghurst emphatically said that he would not vote in favor of a Southern route while the talk of a Southern confederacy was so rife. He wanted to know whether the South would remain or not in the Union?

Mr. Warren replied that there was no such thing in his country talked of as a "Southern confederacy." He was a national man, and, as a Southerner, attached to Southern institutions. He would vote for any road connecting the Atlantic with the Pacific.

Mr. Billinghurst said he did not hold Mr. Warren responsible for disunion sentiments. When the gentleman denied that he was in favor of a Southern confederacy, he (Billinghurst) must believe it, for a Southern confederacy was not meditated, but a consolidated government, regal empire, or something like it.

The committee then rose.

The Speaker appointed Mr. Purviance, of Pa., on the special committee to investigate the disbursement of Lawrence, Stone & Co.'s Tariff Fund, in place of Mr. Hinkel, of Pa., excused, and Mr. Dawes, of Mass., on the committee to investigate the conduct and actions of the late doorkeeper, in place of Mr. Purviance, excused. Adjourned till Monday.

CALCUTTA LIGHTED WITH GAS.—The following is an extract from a letter received from Mr. James Durkin, the engineer-in-chief of the Oriental Gas Company at Calcutta:—"Well, I can say that I had the honor of enlightening the darkness of Calcutta for the first time with gas. The astonishment of the natives was indeed very great—even among the better-informed the inquiry was, 'Sir, will you be so kind as to tell us how the lamp burns without a wick?' Among the lower orders there was an impression that it could be made to blow them all up: that the Governor-General had a key at the Government House, by turning which he could, at his pleasure, blow up the whole city. At such a critical time you may depend we did not take the trouble to disabuse their minds of the idea: indeed, we rather strengthened it: nor could we get a native on any consideration even to touch a lamp-post, for fear it should explode. They are now, however, getting more familiar with it, though the lamplighters are still followed by a crowd, especially when we light up a new street or district."

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.—The bill matured by the Pacific Railroad Committee of the Senate, and reported by Mr. Gwin, proposes to locate the railroad between the Big Sioux river and the mouth of the Kansas river, to San Francisco. Alternate sections of land on each side of the road shall be granted, and $12,500 per mile advanced on the completion of every twenty-five miles, till $25,000,000 shall be reached. The amounts thus advanced are to be returned in mail service and the transportation of men and munitions of war. Five per cent. of stock is to be issued. The President is to receive the bids, and to make a contract for twenty years and locate the road, having a view to economy and the best route.

☞ One of Moliere's best characters is Alceste in "The Misanthrope," who neglected the precautions of prudence and allowed a lawsuit which he might have gained to be lost by default, for the purpose of seeing "*how far human wickedness could go.*"

☞ Good manners—the art of making those people easy with whom we converse. Whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy, is the best bred in the company.—*Swift.*

INAUGURAL ADDRESS OF GOV. PACKER.

We quote the most important parts of the Inaugural Address of the new Governor of Pennsylvania:—

THE CURRENCY.—The currency of the State is in such a disordered condition, that a general and wholesome public opinion demands its reform, and the establishment of effectual barriers against future convulsions. This is a subject which will test the intelligence, the firmness, and the patriotism of the Representatives of the people in the legislative department, and may impose grave responsibilities upon the Executive. My views are decidedly hostile to the emission and circulation of small notes as a currency: to the increase of banking capital under present arrangements: and to the issues of bank paper upon securities inadequate for their redemption. The want of uniformity in the legal provisions under which existing banks operate, is objectionable.

In the revision and amendment of our banking system, the public interests in my opinion demand the extension of the specie basis upon which issues are made: the suppression of the smaller denomination of notes heretofore allowed; thorough reports of the condition and business of banks with their frequent publication; additional security, (other than specie,) to consist of the bonds of this State or of the United States, for the redemption of circulating notes; including in all cases proper individual liability of stockholders and directors, fitted for convenient and actual enforcement; with a supervisory and controlling power in some proper officer or department of the government to restrain or suspend the action of banks in case of their violation or evasion of the law.

When a specie currency shall be secured to the people by prohibiting the circulation of bills of a small denomination, it will be highly desirable that the fiscal affairs of the State government shall be wholly separated from those of the banks: in other words, that the money transactions of the government, both in its collections and disbursements, shall be in the legal coin of the country. Whenever a practicable, convenient and efficient scheme of the operations of the Treasury upon such a basis can be presented to me by the Representatives of the people, it will meet with a cheerful approval. There are difficulties in the case, however, far greater than those surmounted by the General Government, in the establishment of its independent Treasury System; but the object being one of the first magnitude, and calculated to exercise a most salutary influence upon the action of the government, and upon the business of the banks and the people, it is well worthy of earnest consideration.

In reforming the currency, a single State can accomplish but a moderate amount of good, however sincere, intelligent and earnest it may be, without the co-operation of other States, and especially of those which adjoin it. Bank notes are not stopped in their flow by imaginary State lines, nor does it seem possible for a State, altogether to prevent foreign notes from circulating within her borders, even by the most stringent enactments. We must, therefore, invoke our sister States to join with us in the repression of small paper, and in such other particulars of reform as require for complete success their co-operation. Meantime to the extent of our power let us exert ourselves to furnish our citizens with a safe and stable currency; to prevent future financial convulsions similar to that under which the community has for some time been struggling: and to relieve the government in its fiscal action from the danger of depreciated or worthless paper, and the embarrassments arising from dependence upon corporations of her own creation.

THE PUBLIC DEBT.—The people of Pennsylvania, by the recent adoption of an amendment to the Constitution on the subject of Public Indebtedness, have imposed an imperative obligation upon their servants to practise economy, to limit expenditures, and to give their best efforts to the gradual but eventual extinguishment of the existing public debt. After eight years of experience under the sinking fund Act of 1840, we find our public indebtedness but slightly diminished. The constitutional amendment just adopted demand the establishment of an effective sinking fund for its payment, and I shall consider it one of the leading duties of my administration to see that that amendment is carried out both in its letter and its spirit. I cannot regard the reduction of the three mill tax on property made at the last regular session of the Legislature, otherwise than as inopportune; and doubtless existing financial embarrassments will for a time reduce the amount derived from other sources of revenue. Nor will any very large amount of the purchase money of the main line of the public works be realized by the Treasury for a considerable period. It will, therefore, be necessary for the State to husband her resources, and to increase her revenues as far as is possible, without oppression to any interest, in order to meet her current and necessary outlays, the demands of her creditors, and the positive obligation of the constitutional amendment.

INCORPORATIONS.—I have no hostility to express against incorporations for proper objects beyond the power of individual means and skill; nor generally against legislative facilities for the application of labor and capital to the creation of wealth, where individual unprompted action will not go. But no one can assert that we have limited ourselves to such a policy, nor that our laws on this subject have been careful, consistent and just.

But, notwithstanding all topics of regret or criticism in our public career, (and which should bear their proper fruit in amendment and reform,) we may well be proud of this Pennsylvania of ours—of her people, her institutions and her laws. She has become great, prosperous, and powerful; ranking among the first of the States; and her condition at home and her character abroad, bear testimony to her merits, and promise for her a distinguished future. Besides her agricultural resources, which are great and first in importance, she is capable of producing in untold quantities, those two articles of prime and necessity and universal use, Iron and Coal. Even in time of wide-spread financial calamity, when speculation and extravagance have done their worst to cripple the operations of capital, and stay the hand of labor in its useful toil, the leading interests of our State may be counted among the first to revive and to furnish a strong and reliable basis for the resumption of activity in all the channels of employment, and in all the operations of trade. That government would be unwise and blind which would administer the public affairs of this State, otherwise than in a spirit of kindness and protection to these great and capital interests.

EDUCATION.—From the earliest period of our history, it has been the policy of Pennsylvania to educate all her citizens; and at this time our institutions of learning and educational facilities are equal to those of any country. Our common school system is justly distinguished as one of the most practical and efficient in the Union. Let us then cherish this traditional policy, coming down to us from the fathers of the Commonwealth, and by every means in our power foster and strengthen the measures now successfully producing the results so ardently desired by the patriotic men who have gone before us.

OUR SISTER STATES—KANSAS.—While our domestic affairs and policy naturally will occupy most of the attention of our Government and our people, it is not to be forgotten that Penn-sylvania bears very interesting relations to the other States of the confederacy, and looks with an anxious eye to the proceedings and policy of the General Government. It is both our duty and our interest to cultivate the most friendly relations with our sister States, and to frown upon all attempts to sow among them feelings of alienation. We should exert our whole influence to keep the government of the Union in its true position, as the common agents of the States and the people, exercising high powers in trust for their advantage and welfare, and deriving all its powers from the written Constitution which called it into being. At this time we have strong reason to confide in that Government, as we know that its administration is in safe, able and patriotic hands: and that it may be trusted to deal justly with all sections of the country.

Insubordination—an utter disregard and contempt of just and lawful authority—has heretofore produced difficulties in the Territories of Kansas and Utah, and, in the case of the latter, has now precipitated a state of armed hostility between the inhabitants and the General Government. In the former, the peaceful American remedy for the redress of political grievances, real or imaginary—the ballot-box—had been for a long time abjured by a considerable portion of the population, and a struggle between legal authority and unlawful and irregular combinations continued down to the present period. Meantime, contributions of money and aid from the States, have kept up excitement and turbulence in the Territory, and enabled designing men there to inflame passions, which otherwise would long since have subsided. The judgment and opinion of the country cannot be too strongly consolidated in favor of the laws, and against all who rise up to oppose them by unauthorized means. Nor can the excuse for resistance to the Territorial laws, and for failing to perform the duties of citizenship under them, that wrongs and frauds were perpetrated at elections, be admitted as a justification. Where elections are so frequent, and the right of suffrage so liberal, as in this country, it is peculiarly the duty of a good citizen to obey existing authorities, and even objectionable laws, knowing that the former can be changed, and the latter modified or repealed, within a very brief period. And as to disputed elections, they must be decided by the proper legal authority, and not by individual citizens, or irregular self-constituted assemblages.

Insubordination to necessary and rightful authority, instigated and encouraged by unworthy men in the organized States, who desired that discord should continue, and were willing to contribute to that object, is the prolific fountain from which the troubles in Kansas have heretofore proceeded. It was natural, perhaps inevitable, that this conduct by a party in the Territory should provoke an opposite party to many unjustifiable acts, and to much imprudent and unreasonable conduct. Thus extremes act and re-act upon each other, and when the laws are defied and individual action let loose, wrong, outrage and violence are necessary results.

The last phase of the Kansas question, which is upon the Constitution framed by a Territorial Convention, is peculiarly for the judgment of Congress, to which the power of admitting new States is confided by the Constitution of the Union. The representatives of the people and of the States in Congress assembled, will meet that question under all the responsibilities which they owe to their constituents, and which are imposed upon them by their oaths of office: and with full information upon matters of fact important to the formation of a final judgment. Events are constantly occurring in the territory which will afford matter for Congressional debate, and may affect the ultimate decision.

To the people of Pennsylvania the admission of a new State into the Union—into that confederacy of which she is a member—must be at all times a subject of high interest. And I believe I express their sentiments as well as my own, in declaring that all the qualified electors of a Territory, should have a full and fair opportunity to participate in selecting delegates to form a Constitution preparatory to admission as a State, and, if desired by them, they should also be allowed an unqualified right to vote upon such Constitution after it is framed. Of course those who then fail to vote, in either case, cannot complain that the proceeding goes on without their participation. It is to be hoped that Congress will make such provision for other Territories that the present difficulty will have no repetition in the future.

☞ De Quincey, in his essay on Keats, has the following:—"If there is one thing in this world that, next after the flag of his country, and its spotless honor, should be wholly in the eyes of a young poet, it is the language of his country."

☞ Decker compares a lady's dancing to

"A fine, sweet earthquake, gently moved
By the soft wind of whispering silks."

☞ "Can you tell me what becomes of old horses?" asked a man of an investigating turn of mind of our friend George, lately in the livery line here. "Why," said George, thoughtfully, shutting his left eye, "the *final* end of 'em is, that they get traded off!"

☞ An old bachelor being recommended to take a wife for the sake of companionship, replied, "Marriage, sir, would be simply the exchange of loneliness for disquietude."

WEAR not long faces, just as if our Maker,
The God of goodness, were an undertaker;
Well pleased to wrap the soul's unlucky mien
In sorrow's dismal crape or bombazine.

☞ A country curate closed a sermon upon the deceitful appearance of men, by observing, as follows:—"Oh, my brethren, the snowiest shirt-front may conceal an aching bosom, and the stiffest of all rounders encircle a throat that has many a bitter pill to swallow!"

NEW YORK MARKETS.

JAN 23.—BREADSTUFFS.—Flour heavy; 7000 bbls sold at $4.70@4.80 for State, and $4.10@5 for Ohio, a decline of 5c on each. Wheat has an advancing tendency, while quoting at $1,35@1,40, but the sales are unimportant. Corn steady. Mess Pork advanced 25c at $14.90@15. Lard buoyant at 9½@9¾c.

COTTON.—The market is dull and heavy at 10¾c for middling Upland; the sales are 500 bales.

COFFEE.—In view of the auction sale of 4000 bags prime Santos and Rio, the market is dull and heavy; the sales are unimportant.

SUGARS.—The market is steady and retainers buy moderately, the sales are 2812 bags China, received ex Cortingo from Hong Kong, at 5@5¾c, for refining; 250 hhds New Orleans, at 5@6¼c, and 25 hhds Cuba at 6¼c.

MOLASSES.—New Orleans is selling fairly at 28c for prime, and 29c for extra choice, in small lots; sales of 550 bbls at 28c. Foreign is less active.

HOPS.—Are steady, especially prime quality, which is scarce. Sales of common to good, at 5@8c., and choice at 9@10c.

WHISKEY.—The market is firmer—the demand is fair. Sales of 500 bbls at 21½c.

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY

BY R. B. JONES, LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S SALOONS Nos. 727 and 729 Arch Street.

MEATS,

Beef.		Mutton.	
Roasting rib, ℔ lb	12 a14	Leg, Loin, Chp ℔ lb	8 a10
Sirloin steak	12 a14	Breast and Neck	6 a 8
Rump do	10 a14	Young Lamb, whole	03 a 5
Chuck pieces	8 a12½	White carcass	6 a 9
Plates and navels		*Veal.*	
Corned	6 a10	Fore quarter ℔ lb	6
Tongue, fresh	65 a75	Hind do	13
Leg, each	31a37½	Chop	12½
Shin	25 a50	Cutlet	12½
Kidney	3 a12½	Sweetbread, each	10
Liver ℔ lb	6½	*Pork.*	
Dried Beef ℔ lb	16 a18	Young Pigs	25 a1 50
Lamb.		Salt and fresh lb	12 a 14
Fore quarter	75 a871	Ears ℔ set	16½a 31
Hind do	1 50a1 12½	Trips ℔ lb	4 a 6
Chop ℔ lb	10 a21½	Head do	15 a 15
Calves Head, each	25 a37	Hams sliced	14 a 16
		Sausage	10 a 12
		Bologna Sausages	14 a 20

VEGETABLES.

Turnips bkt	25 a 40	S't Pots' esh bus	1 25a1 75
do bl pk	12½a 14	do do ℔ bbl	a
Beets bunch	4 a 5	Corn potatoes bu	1 12 a1 15
do bbl	2 a 3	Cabbage hhd	87½a1 12½
Salad head	1 a 5	Onions bus	— a1 50
		Carrots doz	12

FRUIT.

Apples ℔ bkt	25a1 00	Cranberries qt	10 a 11
do bl pk	12½a 25		

POULTRY AND GAME.

Spring Chickens ℔ pair	31 a 67	Sqh Pig ℔ pair	50 a 81
Chickens ℔ pair	37 a 1 25	Woodcock	75 a 1 00
Pheasants	75 a 87½	Frees dog	75 a 1 00
Snipe, sand	37½	Canvas Back Ducks	2a2 50
		Partridges pair,	62½a75

SHELLFISH.

Terrapin (Southern)	2a3 00	Oysters, Absecom	
do (Ches & Del)	1 a1 50	℔ bbl	62 a 90
Lobsters ℔	8 a 10	do ℔ M	4 a5 00
Clams M	1 a2 50	M Rio Cove M	2 a3 00
		N Y do ℔ bbl	3 a4 00

FISH.

Halibut lb	10 a12	Perch bunch	6 a10
Bass	6 a 9	Catfish	12
Porgies	— a 8	Eels	6 a12½
Flounders	— a 6	Scal Shad lb	12
Cod	5 a 6	Mackerel	12
Blackfish	— a 6	Dry Cod	4 a 6
White Fish	— a 6	Salted Herring bunch	6
Rock	10 a12		

MISCELLANEOUS.

Butter lb	20 a30	Honey lb	20 a25
Roll do	18 a20	Sausages cake	3 a 5
Eggs doz	18 a20		

FIRE FROM A SINGULAR CAUSE.—The dwelling of Daniel R. Morrison, at Martinsburg, Va., was destroyed by fire a few days ago. A cat had caught fire, and running under a bed, communicated it to some loose paper. This was partially extinguished, but broke out afresh, and the house was burned to the ground.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS.—The receipts of Flour have slightly increased, and the accounts from Europe having again been unfavorable, the market has been extremely dull. The sales for shipment only comprise about 5000 bbls at $4,75@4,75 ℔ bbl for common and good superfine; $4,80@5 for extra, and $5,12½ to 6 for extra family and fancy lots. There has been a steady inquiry for the supply of the retailers and bakers, within the range of these figures. Rye Flour has been dull and has declined 12½ @25c. Small sales at $3,50 @3,62½. Corn Meal has been but little inquired after. 300 bbls Penna sold at $3 ℔ bbl.

GRAIN.—The supplies of Wheat have been small from all sources, and there has been a fair demand for the better descriptions. Sales of 15,000 bush at $1,05 @1,15 ℔ bush for ordinary and prime Penna red, and $1,15@1,30 for white, mostly choice lots of Kentucky of the latter quotations; 2000 bush Rye sold in lots at 76c. The receipts of Corn have been light, both by railroad and water, and it has been in good request at the improvement noticed last week. Sales of 31,000 bush new yellow at 59@62c in store, and 61@65c, closing at 63c, afloat, according to dryness. Sales of white at 60c in the cars, thats have been less active, and prices have fallen off 1c ℔ bush. Sales of 6000 bush Penna and Delaware at 35@34c, closing at our lowest figure.

PROVISIONS.—Have been quiet. The receipts from the West, of all descriptions, continue small, and the market at the close was firmer, but there has been very little doing. Small sales of Western Mess Pork at $14,75@15 ℔ bbl, on time. Small sales of Mess Beef for ship stores, at $17@18, cash. Bacon has been very quiet, there being but little here to operate in. Small sales of Hams at 10½@12½c ℔ lb, for plain and fancy canvassed, as to quality. Sides and Shoulders are scarce. We quote the former at 8@8½c, and the latter at 7@7½c. The demand for Bulk Meats has been limited, but the receipts are light, and prices are rather firmer. Sales of pickled Hams at 8½@9½c, cash and 60 days, and Shoulders at 6@6½c ℔ lb. Lard.—The demand has been limited at the decline noted last week. Sales of 200 bbls at 8@9c, and kegs at 10½@10¾c ℔ lb, cash and 60 days. Butter is coming forward freely, and meets a very limited demand. Small sales of solid packed at 11@12c ℔ lb, and Roll at 11@12c, as in quality. Prices of Cheese and Eggs are unchanged.

BARK.—The stock of Quercitron Bark is about exhausted, and No 1 wanted at 30 ℔ ton, but holders refuse to accept these figures. No Tanners' Bark offering.

BEESWAX.—Is scarce. Small sales of good Yellow at 27@28c ℔ lb, cash.

CANDLES.—Are unchanged. There is a steady inquiry for city manufactured Adamantine, and further sales of 400 boxes were made at 18@20c ℔ lb, 4 and 6 mos, but Sperm and Tallow are neglected.

COAL.—Prices have undergone no change, and the market has undergone no improvement from the depression which has characterized it for months past. There are but few orders coming forward for shipment and the genial weather has materially curtailed the home consumption.

COPPER.—There is no demand for either English Sheathing Copper or Yellow Metal, and we omit our quotations for the present.

COFFEE.—The market has been extremely quiet in consequence of the auction sale. Small sales of Rio at 9½@11c, and 200 bags Laguayra at 11½c ℔ lb, on time. By auction, 3043 bags Rio were sold at 9¾ @10½c, averaging 30, 14, 30 days and 4 mos.

COTTON.—The receipts and stocks are extremely light, and under the favorable advices from Europe, holders have again put up their prices ¼c ℔ lb, which has had a tendency to restrict the demand. A number of the manufacturers have determined to cease operations. About 250 sales Uplands have been disposed of at 8¾c ℔ lb for inferior and sandy up to 11¾ cts for middling fair quality.

DRUGS AND DYES.—There is not much doing. Among the sales were some Bleaching Powders at 3¾ @4¼c; Sal Soda at 2¼c; Opium at $5; and Gambier at 5½c ℔ lb, on time.

FEATHERS.—Continue dull. We quote Western at 43@45c ℔ lb, on time.

FISH.—There are but few coming forward. Mackerel are held with more firmness, but the demand has been quite limited—the sales being mostly confined to small lots from store at $11@11,25 ℔ bbl for medium No 1's, $9,75@10 for No 2's, and $8 for No 3's. The cargo rates are 25c below these quotations. Pickled Herring are selling in a small way at $3,50@3,75 ℔ bbl, and Codfish at $3,25@3,50 ℔ 100 lbs.

FRUIT.—The stocks of Raisins and other descriptions of Foreign are now very much reduced, and the transactions have been limited within the range of our quotations. A cargo of 400 boxes Oranges and Lemons sold at $2,25 ℔ box. There has been very little demand for Dried Apples. Small sales from 4 to 6½c ℔ lb, which is a decline. Dried Peaches are not much inquired after, and there are very few coming forward. Small sales of unpared at 10@12c. Green Apples are unchanged. Cranberries are in steady request at $7@11 per bbl.

GINSENG.—A few small lots of Crude have been sold at 45@50c, cash. There is little or no Clarified here.

GUANO.—There is nothing doing and prices are nominal.

HEMP.—Continues very quiet and no sales have come under our notice.

HIDES.—Are dull; about 2000 Carraccas sold on terms not made public. Some purchases have been made in New York for this market.

HOPS.—The demand continues limited, and small sales of new crop Eastern and Western at 6@11c ℔ lb.

INDIGO.—Is held very firmly, but the demand is limited. A sale of Bengal at $1,40 ℔ lb, 6 months.

IRON.—There has been no demand for Pig Metal except in a retail way from store, and prices are about nominal. Scotch Pig is not wanted. Blooms are held at $70, 6 months. Prices of Bar and Boiler Iron continue as last quoted.

LEAD.—There is no inquiry, and no sales have come under our notice.

LEATHER.—The demand has somewhat revived for both Spanish Sole and Slaughter, but prices are steady at 30@34c for Spanish Sole, and 37@41 cts for Slaughter.

LUMBER.—There has been nothing doing, and prices are about nominal.

MOLASSES.—The market continues dull, and prices are 1@2c lower for all descriptions. A small sale of Cuba Muscovado at 25c; 300 bbls New Orleans at 29@30c, and some Sugarhouse Syrup at 32@35c, on time.

NAVAL STORES.—Have been very quiet. For stocks have been very much reduced, and the sales of Rosin, Tar and Pitch have been unimportant. The demand for Spirits of Turpentine is limited, but holders are firm in their demands. Sales of 70 bbls at 41@42c, cash and short time.

OILS.—Prices of Fish Oils continue as last quoted, but there has been very little doing. There has been a steady inquiry for Linseed Oil at 50c, cash and 60 days. The stock of Lard Oil continues extremely light, but there is not much demand for it. Sales of No 1 winter at 95@98c, on time. Red Oil is firm at 60c, cash.

PLASTER.—There is little or none arriving, and no sales have come under our notice.

RICE.—The receipts and stocks are small. demand has been limited, but prices are unchanged. Sales at $4,25@4,50, and some not prime at $3, cash and short time.

SALT.—There have been no transactions since our last notice.

SEEDS.—There is a good demand for Clover seed, and 1000 bus ordinary and prime quality sold in lots at $4,75@5,25 ℔ 64 lbs, chiefly at $5@5,25. About 50 tons recleaned were taken for export on terms kept secret. Nothing doing in Timothy or Flaxseed.

SPICES.—The only transaction reported is a lot of Pimento on terms not made public.

SPIRITS.—The demand for Brandy has been limited, and for Bordeaux and Rochelle, prices have favored buyers. In Gin, very little doing. Whiskey.—The demand has been limited, and prices have again declined. Sales of 1000 bbls Pennsylvania and Ohio at 20@21c, closing at the latter figure; hhds at 20c, and Drudge at 19@20c.

SUGAR.—The market continues very dull, and prices have fallen off fully ¼c ℔ lb. Sales of 100 hhds Cuba at 6c; 300 hhds new crop N Orleans at 6@7¼c, and 315 hhds do by auction, 5¾ @7c averaging 30 11 on time.

TALLOW.—Continues scarce. Sales of City Rendered at 11c ℔ lb, cash. There is little or no Country offering.

TEAS.—There has been very little demand for either Black or Green, and we continue our former quotations.

TOBACCO.—There is a steady demand for the better grades of Manufactured, but Leaf is neglected, and prices favor buyers.

WINES.—By auction 31 quarter casks Madeira were sold by Messrs. Richards & Miller, at 75c; 70 cases Sauterne at $2,25; 73 do St. Julien Claret at $2,37½ @2,87½; 428 baskets Champagne from $2,75 to $5.

WOOL.—The demand has been limited, but holders are firm in their demands, as a number of the Eastern manufacturers have resumed operations. Sales of 30,000 lbs at 28@30c ℔ lb, cash and on time.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

By WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS.

No. 39 South Third Street.

PHILADELPHIA, January 23, 1858.

PENNSYLVANIA.		GEORGIA.	
Solvent banks	1 dis	Solvent banks	¾ dis
Relief notes	1 dis	SOUTH CAROLINA.	
NEW JERSEY.		Solvent banks	31 dis
Solvent banks par to 1 dis		ALABAMA.	
DELAWARE.		Solvent banks	2 to 5 dis
Solvent banks 1 to par		MISSISSIPPI.	
MARYLAND.		All banks	uncertain
Baltimore	1 dis	LOUISIANA.	
Solvent banks	1 to 2½ dis	Solvent banks	2 dis
NEW YORK.		OHIO.	
Solvent banks	par	Solvent banks	¼ dis
MAINE.		KENTUCKY.	
Solvent banks	par	Solvent banks	1½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		INDIANA.	
Solvent banks	par	State bank	¼ dis
VERMONT.		ILLINOIS.	
Solvent banks	par	Solvent banks	4 dis
CONNECTICUT.		MISSOURI.	
Solvent banks	par	Solvent banks	1½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.		TENNESSEE.	
Solvent banks	par	Old banks	5 dis
RHODE ISLAND.		MICHIGAN.	
Solvent banks	1 dis	Solvent banks	4 dis
VIRGINIA.		WISCONSIN.	
Solvent banks	2½ dis	Solvent banks	4 dis
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.		TEXAS.	
Solvent banks	4 dis	Commercial and Agricultural bk. Galveston	20 dis
NORTH CAROLINA.			
Solvent banks	31 dis		
CANADA.			
Solvent banks	3 dis		

DERANGEMENT OF THE LIVER AND STOMACH.

Should at once be attended to.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS, prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, Philadelphia, Pa., and sold by druggists and dealers in medicines, everywhere, will cure all diseases arising from a disordered Liver or Stomach.

"HAVE YOU A SLIGHT COLD, A COUGH, OR pain in your breast?" This is a simple question; so simple that the reader may feel inclined to pass it by, without answering it, or even reading this short article. Now we earnestly, but respectfully, ask you to do both. Many of our most important duties are small, depending on things which in themselves alone considered, are trifles, but taken in connection with their consequences, lead to mighty results. What consequences daily ensue from what is called "a neglected Cold or Cough?"

Go into yonder chamber, and see how anxiously that mother watches her darling son! The disease which might have been arrested in its incipient stage, has been permitted to riot, until it has fastened its fangs deep in his system. Still, none of the symptoms are decidedly against hope: the sufferer's constitution has not been weakened by intemperance, by irregularity of any kind, or by any previous attacks; so the chance of recovery is in his favor. He still sinks; but all maladies have their crisis, and she thinks every night that surely he will be better to-morrow. With what tender solicitude does she minister to the wants of his sick bed! How she watches his looks, and anticipates every wish of his heart. Day after day passes, and her hope wax fainter and fainter. Every look of the attending physician is watched with an agony that has left its print upon her pallid cheek. At last the features of her son assume the rigid and sunken aspect of death, and she cannot mistake the dim glare of the eye, before it shuts in everlasting rest.

He breathes his last upon that fondest of all fond bosoms—a mother's—and the strongest tie that bound her heart to earth seems snapt in twain! Is this fancy or is it fact? Fact, we answer, and yet in thousands of cases these lamentable results might be prevented by the timely use of an appropriate medicine. For nearly one-third of a century Jayne's Expectorant has been a standard remedy for all pulmonary affections, each year adding to its popularity by the thousands who have been cured by its use. To the afflicted we therefore say, get a bottle of this Expectorant, and by its use avoid the fearful consequences of a "WHICH NEVER COLD."

This Expectorant is prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, and is for sale by their agents throughout the United States.

From the St. Louis Commercial List.

☞ It does not dye, but gives life, health, and beauty to the decaying, fading and dead, restoring, as if by magic, that which was supposed to be irrecoverably lost. Heads nearly bald and others nearly white are daily being changed to their pristine beauty, and faces covered with pimples are rendered as smooth as an infant's and blushing as a rose, all by the use of Prof. Wood's Hair Restorative.

CAUTION.—Beware of worthless imitations, as some are already in the market, called by different names. Use none unless the words "Professor Wood's Hair Restorative, Depot, St. Louis, Mo., and New York," are blown in the bottle. Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Dealers. Also by all Fancy and Toilet goods dealers in the United States and Canadas.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, or Cough Lozenges, when given to young children are dissolved in water, forming a Cough Syrup, which has a soothing effect, assisting expectoration, and preventing an accumulation of phlegm. Sold by all Druggists.

TO CURE A COUGH, buy a bottle of the Balsam of Wild Cherry. We have more faith in this combination of Dr. Wistar, than any other remedy known, having witnessed its entire success in many cases of protracted cough.

☞ EMPLOYMENT FOR THE YEAR.—Persons out of employment may find that which is both profitable and pleasant by addressing ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 181 William Street, New York. nov28-tf

A LADY

WHO HAS BEEN CURED OF GREAT NERVOUS DEBILITY, after many years of misery, desires to make known to all fellow-sufferers the sure means of relief. Address, enclosing stamp to pay return postage, Mrs. MARY E. DEWITT, Boston, Mass., and the prescription will be sent free, by next post. dec25-4t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. G. W. Showman, Mr. WILLIAM FENACY, to MISS MARY BOWERS, both of this city.

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. Edgar M. Levy, Mr. RICHARD M. HEAD, to MISS MARY E. WRIGHT, both of this city.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. James Cuthbert, Mr. JOHN T. PIGGOTT, of this city, to ALICE C. CARR, late of Nottingham, Eng.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. J. Mason, Mr. STEPHEN MEIKLEJOHN, to MISS CAROLINE STARR, both of Wilmington, Del.

On the 15th ultimo, by the Rev. Samuel Durborow, Mr. THOMAS H. RIDGELY, M. D. of Bridgeport, N. J. to MARY SMALLWOOD, daughter of the late Capt. John Dunham, of this city.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Templeton, Mr. JAMES H. GARDNER, of Philadelphia, to MISS SARAH E. SWEET, of Camden, N. J.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. John C. Baker, Mr. DANIEL B. WIEGNER, to MISS ANNA M. WAGNER, both of this city.

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. E. McGinnis, Mr. SAMUEL Y. MORTON, to MISS ANNAIS, daughter of Wm. A. Rudner, all of Philadelphia.

On the 14th instant, by Friends' Ceremony, JOSHUA BROWN, to SARAH J. HAINES, both of Falls Township, Bucks county.

On the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. S. Townsend, Mr. ROBERT LITTLE, of Moorestown, N. J. to MISS MARY J. BROWN, of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 22d instant, JOHN RIGBY, aged 64 years.

On the 19th instant, JAMES RYAN, aged 85 years.

On the 14th instant, MISS REBECCA, daughter of Philip and Mary Warren, aged 24 years.

On the 18th instant, Mrs. MARY A. wife of Thomas S. Moore, aged 30 years.

On the 18th instant, Mr. ANDREW SUPPLEE, aged 35.

On the 19th instant, Mr. JOHN D. WOOD, of Wilmington, Del., aged 65 years.

On the 19th instant, Mrs. SUSAN STEVENS, aged 76.

On the 15th instant, Mr. WILLIAM A. EVERLY, aged 42.

On the 17th instant, JOHN D. GOETTRAP, aged 55 years.

On the 17th instant, Mrs. AMANDA ANN, wife of Chas. E. Fell, aged 29 years.

On the 18th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH, wife of Henry Lees, Sr., aged 74 years.

On the 17th instant, WILLIAM CLEMENTS, aged 57.

On the 16th instant, CORNELIUS M. MAHON, aged 41.

On the 14th instant, HENRY G. FORSTALL, aged 19 years and 3 months.

On the 19th instant, Mrs. MARGARET SCOTT, aged 26.

On the 16th instant, ANDREW GIBBONS, aged 76 years.

On the 16th instant, WILLIAM CURRY, aged 27 years.

On the 16th instant, JOHN L. COALY, aged 24 years.

On the 14th instant, Mrs. ELEANOR NICHOLS, aged 76.

On the 15th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH PERRY, aged 41.

At her father's residence, in Eutaw, Alabama, on Thursday evening, Dec. 10th, 1857, HORTENSE CONSTANTINE, youngest daughter of F. L. and C. Constantine. While engaged in her innocent play her clothes caught on fire, and before the flames could be extinguished she was so badly burned that she lived only a few hours. While suffering extremely she looked upon her sister and said, "Kiss me, sister, that's all you can do for me now." She was a member of the Sabbath school, and took great interest in preparing her verses and reciting them to her teachers. She had learned much about heaven, and before she died was heard to exclaim frequently, "I'm going home, I'm going home." "Suffer little children to come unto Me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER,

No. 333 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady.

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.			Reading	28½	29
U S 6 pr at			Minehill	53½	53½
" "	'62	—	Har & Lan	54½	55½
" "	'67	111	Chester Val	3½	4
" "	'68	111	Tioga	—	—
" "	'68	100	" preferred	—	—
Phila 6 pr ct	93½	93½	P Wil & Balt	22	23
" new	97½	97½	Gear Island	10	11
" 5 "	—	—	Wil'spott & Elmira	10½	10½
Cam City 6 pr ct	—	—	Catawissa	6	6½
Pitts 6 pr ct	—	—	CANAL STOCKS.		
" " coupon	—	—	Sch Nav	9	11
All'gh City 6 pr ct	—	—	" preferred	16½	16½
" County "	—	—	Lehigh Nav	54½	55
Alle co R R's	40	90	Morris consolidated	40	42
Penn "	—	—	" preferred	60	65
" 5 "	89½	89½	C & Del.	30	60
" " coupon	89	90	Union	25	3
Penn & pr ct	87½	89	Sus & Tidewater	—	7
Kentucky 6 pr ct	102	102½	BANK STOCKS.		
Missouri 6's	84½	85	North Amer	128	130
Penn RR 6 pr ct	95	95	Penna	7	7½
2d m'rt loan '83	79½	80	Phila	104½	105
C & Am R R 6 pr ct	70	75	Far & Mec	55½	56
P G & R R "	29	29½	Commercial	43	45
Reading RR "	72	75	N Liberty	52	53
" " m'rt "	82	85	Mechanics	25½	29
" " 6 pr ct 1858	103	104	Southwark	52	70
H & Lan RR "	84	95	P Township	33	36
Che Val RR "	85	86	Kensington	—	60
Texas RR "	75	80	Girard	91	94
Phil Wil & Bal			Western	67½	—
'60 RR pr ct	93½	97	Man & Mech	32	36
Long I RR "	67½	68	Commerce	—	—
Sch Nav 5 "	59½	59½	Tradesman's	—	—
Lehigh Nav "	88	90	City	39½	40
Mort "	90	92	Consolidation	24	25
C & DC "	66	67	Commonwealth	17	17½
Sus & Tid '78 "	67	67½	Corn Exchange	—	—
Cross Canal	90	97	Pittsburg	—	50
Williams & Elmira			M & M Bitts	—	—
1st m'rt Typ ct	30	60	Far'ers Bitts	49	—
2d " " Typ ct	27	40	Kentucky	104	—
Catawissa "	60	65½	Northern, Ky	110	—
North Penn 6 pr ct	52½	53½	Louisville, Ky	104	—
RAILROAD STOCK.			Farmers, Ky	104	110
Cam & Amboy	200	81	Union, Nash, Tenn	—	—
Penna	60½	47½	Plant's, Tenn	—	—
Ros Meadow	54	54	Com & R Wick	—	—
North Penn	50	50	N O Gas Lt	115	117½
Phil Ger & No	55½	56			

MAGIC ART OF CATCHING FISH sent for 25 cents. N. H. GARDINER, Peace Dale, R. I. jan30-3t

G. & A. LIGHTBODY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

PRINTING INKS,

NO. 41

Wit and Humor.

TEACHING THE TEACHER.

The editor of the Carolinian, published at Fayetteville, N. C., tells how he once caught a live subject in South Georgia.

We were teaching an "academary" down in the wire grass country of South Georgia, soon after we left college, and among the "higher branches" taught in that "institushun" were the rudiments of astronomy, to which advanced text-book we had introduced a class of sand-hill boys, and gopher-trapping girls, ranging in age from fourteen to twenty years. A few recitations, confined principally to corrections of mutilated pronunciations—"stairs," "hevingly bodies," "the yearth," "comics, planics," &c.—and we made "the advanced class" the startling and incredible announcement that the sun did not rise and set daily; that the revolution of the earth on its axis made night and day, &c. There were a few open countenances in that gaping, wonder-stricken class, about them. Next morning we were waited on by a grave, sage-looking patron of ours, who, with some asperity of countenance, and, as we imagined, contemptuous severity of expression, thus delivered himself:—

"We've employed ye here to larn our young 'uns, hain't we?"

We assented to the proposition.

"Well," continued he, "what's all this riggymarole and stronamy and stuff about the sun not settin' and risin', and the yearth turnin' upside down of a night, and sich like infidel talk ye've bin foolin' the skollars with?"

Now, thought we, for a triumph of science, a lighting up of this benighted understanding. Inviting him into the academy, we proceeded to draw a diagram upon the blackboard, for the purpose of illustration.

"Now," said we, "the sun is ninety-five millions of miles from the earth, and—"

"Stop," cried he, "how do you know that? Who's been thar to measure it? What surveyor's ever drug his chain over that route? 'Taint so!"

In vain we assured him that scientific men had demonstrated it, philosophers proved it beyond a doubt, and that all learned and eminent men in the world admitted and believed it.

"They don't know nothin' about it," was his dogmatic response; "not a bit more'n I do, and they've never been any cloutor to the sun than I her. It's agin reason, sense, and Scripter, to say that the sun don't set—for thar's a text, mebbe you've seed, if you ever read the Bible—which I kaint scarcely believe you ever did read it—saying 'from the risin' of the sun to the going down thareof;' and see here, young man, if you kaint teech the childern somethin' better'n sich fool talk and infidel argyment, you mout as well look out for a Dooly settlement, whar thar ain't no churches, and the folks never heerd o' the Bible."

We caved, wiped out the diagram with our left coat tail, bowed out our indignant patron, and the next morning the "stronamy" class was advanced to Peter Parley's geography, and the sun permitted to rise and set as usual.

ATCHAFALAYA CURRENCY.—*Captain Shallcross*, of the Mississippi steamer Peytona, is one of the crack captains of the river. Everybody knows him, and he knows everybody, and therefore we must tell a little story about him. One day the Peytona was steaming down past the cotton woods towards New Orleans, when she was hailed by another boat coming up.

"Hallo, Captain Shall!"

"Hallo!" was the answer.

"Got any Atchafalaya money?"

"Yes, plenty."

"Well, pay it out; the bank's busted, or a gwine to."

"Ay, ay," said Captain Shallcross. "Clerk, have you got much of that money?"

"About a thousand dollars, I reckon," said the clerk of the Peytona.

"Well, step at the first wood boat."

And the Peytona puffed on until a wood boat was seen moored to the shore, with piles of cord-wood around, and a small man with his trowsers rolled up and his hands in his pockets, shivering on the bank beside his boat, in the chill December weather.

"Wood boat ahoy!" sang out Captain Shall.

Small man in the distance—"Hallo!"

"Want to sell that wood?"

Small man in the distance—"Yas."

"Take Atchafalaya money?"

Small man in the distance—"Yas."

"Round to, pilot," said Captain Shall.

The boats bound down stream always have to come around, with their bows pointed up stream, to resist the current of the Mississippi; sometimes they encounter a big eddy, and have to take a sweep of some miles before they reach the landing place. So it was in this instance.

"So you'll take Atchafalaya money for wood, will you?" said the captain, as the boat approached the shore.

"Yas," said the small man.

"How will you take it?" said Captain Shall, (meaning at what rate.)

"Take it even," said the small man.

"What do you mean by even?"

"Cord for cord, captain."

"Put her round again, pilot," said Captain Shall, "and wood up at the next wharf boat; I reckon this fellow has been *posted* by somebody on Atchafalaya."

MANAGED HIM AT LAST.—Sir Francis ——— used to plague Lord N——— with many impertinent visits, till at last his lordship ordered his porter to deny him admittance. Sir Francis came as usual.

"My lord is not at home, sir."

"Ah! friend. Oh, though, give me leave to speak two words to—the monkey."

So saying, he flew up stairs and took Lord N——— unawares. The porter was scolded. In a few days Sir Francis called again.

"Is my lord at home?"

"No, sir."

"Pray what says your clock? My watch stands; I must set it right."

In he went, and made a second attack upon his lordship. The porter was then told if ever he let Sir Francis in again, he should be turned away.

Next time the baronet knocked at the door, the porter half-opened it, keeping it in his hand, and, without giving him time to speak, bawled out—

"My lord is gone out—the monkey is dead—the clock is broke."

He then shut the door full in his face.

A GOOD UN.—We heard the other day a capital anecdote of a witty clergyman of this city, who is said never to come off second best in a jocular encounter:

As one day he was passing down one of the streets of a large village in this State, where he was settled, he was observed by some waggish hangers-on at a public house which he was approaching. One of these fellows, knowing that the reverend gentleman was a "hard case" at a joke, said that he would bet the drinks for all hands that he could head Mr. H———.

"Done," was the response from a number.

As Mr. H——— came opposite the merry group, the proposer of the bet called to him.—Mr. H——— halted and drew near, whereupon the confident chap thus addressed him:

"Mr. H———, we have a dispute here of some importance, which we have agreed to leave to you as one competent to give a correct decision."

"Ah! what is it?"

"It is in relation to the age of the devil; will you tell us how old he is?"

"Gentlemen," said the imperturbable minister, "how can you presume me to be acquainted with matters of that sort? *You must keep your own family records!*"

The minister went about his business, and the vanquished gentleman went in and treated freely.—*Nashua Oasis.*

DOES YOUR MOTHER KNOW YOU'RE OUT?—A young lady once had a beau. One evening said beau was anxious to enjoy some private conversation with his charmer, but there being two children in the room, somewhat marred his wishes. The gentleman looked to see them sent to bed, but he was disappointed. The youngest child, a boy of three years old, slept with the young lady, and had no idea of retiring without his bed-fellow.

Stretching his chubby length upon the carpet, the "youngest" watched the twain with resolutely wide-awake eyes until the bell struck for nine, when patience becoming exhausted, he raised his little head and said—

"*Nine o'clock is bed-time. Don't you think your mother wants you now?*"

This was one of the tallest hints the young gentleman ever received in a civil kind of way, and the mingling of embarrassment, and vexation, and mirth produced by it, was funny in the extreme.

"Sonny" was sent to bed every night after that solus, and much to the relief of the visitor.

MIKE'S EXCUSE.—Mike is a little darkey of a dozen years, who was purposely left alone in the store one day, and watched through a door that stood ajar, to test his honesty. Finding himself alone, he began to canvass the apartment for something good, and slipping behind the counter, he soon helped himself liberally to nuts and candy. Upon being caught in the act, and reprimanded, he began to justify himself by saying—

"*You'd no business to leave me alone; you always know'd I'd steal.*"

DO INDIANS SWEAR?—This is a curious question, and the answer by Mr. Schoolcraft should put the white man to the blush. This gentleman, who has for many years closely studied the characteristics of the race, says: "Many things the Indians may be accused of, but the practice of swearing they cannot. I have made many inquiries into the state of their vocabulary, and nothing is more bitter or reproachful than *match anemoosh*, which indicates simply bad dog. They have terms to indicate cheat, liar, thief, murderer, coward, fool, lazy man, drunkard, babbler; but I have never heard of an imprecation or oath. The genius of the language does not seem to favor the formation of terms used in oaths or for purposes of profanity. It is the result of the observation of others as well as my own, to say that the Indian cannot curse."

Agricultural.

PROFITABLE USE OF THE AILANTHUS.

This tree, which within a very few years has become known all over the country, is generally considered worthless. It is not so; it is good both for fuel and timber, and it is one of the most rapidly growing trees to be found in the Northern States. The ailanthus is in bad odor with many, it is true; but that is on account of its bad odor when in bloom, which is truly a very disagreeable fault, but one that can be cured by selecting, for all situations near dwellings, trees that do not emit any odor from blossoms, which can be easily done, since the trees grow in the order of many other plants, in sexes, and effluvium is only given off by the blossoms upon female trees. Only where trees of both sexes grow together are seeds produced, and the species multiplied to the great extent that they have been of late years. This is proved by the fact that an ailanthus tree has been growing in this city, we are assured by an old inhabitant, for fifty years or more, while it is not over a dozen years since ailanthus seeds were generally disseminated over the United States. The manner in which this was done is worthy of note, as showing the spirit of speculation. Some shrewd chap sent out circulars from this city, containing eleven packages of ten seeds each, to all the postmasters, requesting them to sell ten of the packages at a dime each, and keep the other for commission, returning a dollar to the seed distributor.

It was this that brought them all at once into universal notice, and filled the country with trees whose native soil is India. It was soon found that they would grow rapidly, and make a shade sooner than any other known tree; and that they flourish in any soil, or even where there is scarcely any, only just enough to allow the tree to get a start, as we often see in crevices of rocks or pavements.

Hitherto the tree has only been valued for shade and its beauty of foliage, or blossoms or seed-pods, or its form; while it is periodically anathematized for its vile smell when in bloom, in which we have indulged not a little. But it need not be condemned to be cut down and cast into the fire for this one fault, although a great one. We have only to keep it away from our dwellings, and if it has virtues, discover and profit by them. These the ailanthus has. Now, let us develope them. It is not a soft, worthless wood; on the contrary, when seasoned, it is firm, hard, strong and durable. It will make fence-posts nearly as valuable as locust timber, and when seasoned, it will burn freely and give a strong heat. It is good fuel.

Then, instead of planting ailanthus trees for shade or ornament, let some one establish a plantation of a hundred acres on the cheap, "barren" land of Long Island, or a thousand acres upon the Western prairies, and see what a valuable timber lot you may have in only ten years. In fact, there are millions of acres of land in the United States now lying idle, barren, unproductive of anything valuable to the owners, that might be made to produce a valuable crop of wood, while at the same time becoming renovated so as to be worth cultivating in some food-producing crop.

We will instance one such tract, because it is one so often seen by numerous persons travelling from New York to Boston; and because it lies so near that beautiful town, the city of New Haven, and in the very midst of the most enterprising people in the world—the most improving, of machinery; the most money-making, in trade; the most neglectful of any other equally educated people, of improvements of the soil. It is the sandy plain, through which the railway passes from New Haven to Meriden, that we allude to; once a fine, cultivated, productive tract; now a waste of drifting sand.

Upon this waste, we are confident that ailanthus trees may be planted, with only a wheelbarrow load of rich loam to a tree, and that in ten years the growth would not only be such that it would hide the desolate barrenness of the land, but would make it of a saleable value of $100 an acre.

Much of the land called barren upon Long Island, which has not produced the annual interest of a dime an acre since the discovery of America, might be planted in ailanthus, which in ten years would acquire a growth sufficiently large to afford an annual cutting of fence posts and fuel, worth more than most of the cultivated farms on the Island have ever netted their owners. Besides the tracts utterly worthless, there are thousands of acres that are kept for wood, the owner depending upon the slow growth of oaks and scrubby "old-field pines," which are cut off once in twenty or thirty years, when two to four inches in diameter. In place of the oaks and pines, grow ailanthus, and twice the quantity can be cut in half the time. If such unimproving mortals as some of these wood-cutters ever read and think, let them think of this and profit by it.

Upon a hundred hills, denuded of their wood by that insatiable wood-consuming dragon, the New York and Erie Railroad, the ailanthus might be planted where no food crop can be profitably cultivated, where it would bring a sure return to the planter. But of all places where it might be grown most rapidly, and to the greatest profit, we must look to the great prairies of the West. There, where the richest soil of the world that is susceptible of cultivation without irrigation must lie waste for want of wood, a systematic business of tree-planting might be made the most profitable of any ever practiced in this country. There we would not confine the planting to this one tree, but certainly would use it for the first plantation, on account of its easy production from seeds, its rapid growth, its hardy nature, withstanding cold and heat, wet and dry, and not being liable to attacks of insects. A belt of these trees would afford shelter for the production of other more valuable ones—such as locust, oak, elm, cedar, pine, sugar maple, and fruit trees.

"Let it be an edict" that the world shall at once prepare, not for the destruction of this anathematized tree, but for its extended propagation, cultivation and usefulness. Let us cease the insane folly of planting ailanthus trees under our bed-room windows—as great a folly as it would be to keep a pet skunk in the house—and plant them where we would keep the unsavory, though useful, bug and vermin-destroying animal, in the forest—an ailanthus-tree forest, grown for useful, not ornamental purposes.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

EFFECT OF GREEN EYE ON THE MILK OF COWS.—T. P. Shepard & Co., lately made the following statement to the Standing Committee of the Rhode Island Society for the Encouragement of Domestic Industry:—

"On Thursday, Nov. 5th, we turned fifteen milch cows into a lot containing sixteen acres. Eight acres had been planted with corn this season, and harvested a few weeks before. Eight acres were sown with rye in September, which had come forward very fast, and commenced to joint. On Thursday and Friday the cows fed exclusively in the corn field, gleaning the corn fodder and a few small ears of corn that remained upon the ground. During these two days there was but little increase in the milk, and no change in its quality. On Saturday, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, the cows fed in the rye field, and the quantity of milk was increased more than twenty per cent. On Saturday the milk had a slight unpleasant flavor, which increased, until Tuesday it was so offensive to the taste and smell, as to be wholly unfit for use. On Wednesday the cows were turned into the meadows, and on Wednesday evening the milk was perfectly sweet and free from any unusual flavor. During these days the cows had no access to salt water, salt meadows or fresh bogs. There were no weeds in the rye field, and no more among the corn than is usual in a well cultivated field. The cows were as usual stabled at night and fed with clover hay."

POETRY AND PROSE.

EPIDEMIC GASTRIC INFLUENCE.

As your paper is taken by more owners of horses and mules than any other that I know of that takes any interest in their treatment, I make free to send you the following long article. If acceptable, you can use it. I will omit all professional terms, so that *all* may understand me. My object is to inform your readers that influenza is prevailing in different localities as an *epidemic*, and to induce them to look to their stock as soon as they see them ailing.

Dec. 22, '57.—I was called on to-day by Mr. Pyatt, the managing partner of the Transfer Company for the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, in this city, (St. Louis.) He said their horses had been *poisoned*, and were dying very fast, and that he would be glad if I would go in and see them. On our way, I asked him *why* he thought they were poisoned. He said a discharged driver had made some threats of revenge. But on calling his attention to *symptoms*, it appeared that some of the horses had been unwell some days, but he thought it was *only a cold*. On arriving at the stable I found everything in confusion, and the stable full of smoke from a kettle of burning tar. On diagnosing a case, I told him they had Epidemic Gastric Influenza. I found four on the ground, two in the agonies of death. All of them had the visible mucous membrane literally scalded off their mouth and throat. Three had been bled. There were seven in the stalls, some very sick, having received one or more doses of the antidote. Those just taken having escaped, were more easily treated. I asked him who had been treating them. He said Dr. P——— and himself. P——— said they were poisoned, and had two buckets full of some infernal mixture that he was pouring down them, through mouth or nostril, indifferently. This did not suit one of the drivers, and to test the doctor's skill he showed him a well horse, which he instantly pronounced the worst case of all. This led to his instant discharge, and, no doubt, saved the lives of fifteen or twenty horses. Seven died—worth, as dull as times are, $1,400. All were now put in my charge, and I proceeded to the treatment. I ordered the stable to be thoroughly cleansed; all the troughs and mangers to be washed with *copperas*—being the *best* and *cheapest* disinfectant that I know of. I ordered the well horses about two ounces each per day of ground juniper berries. On the 23rd I had six new cases, and on the 24th one and the last.

I put a rowell in the breast, about two inches in diameter, soaked in oil of turpentine. If this does not produce immediate inflammation, it is a severe attack, and blisters must be freely used, one on the right flank, over the liver, and one on each side, just behind and above the elbow joint. I find ground oil cake makes the best mucilage for mixing all dry medicine. Tartar emetic, from a half to one and a half drachms, ground juniper berries, one to one and a half ounces, glauber salts, from two to four ounces. These I dry one half, and get ground, which makes them much easier mixed. Vary all things according to the *severity* of the case. Mucilage sufficient to form a mass about the size of a turkey's egg, which I make my patient eat, by inserting a thumb on each side of his mouth, with the mass in front of them. This prevents choking in all cases. I give one every three to eight hours. If the bowels are costive, use glysters of warm water alone, until you get a free operation, but be sure and *avoid* super-purgation and bleeding. Give plenty of this gruel, and renew frequently, to induce your patient to take all the nourishment you can. As soon as you find the disease has yielded, begin the use of ground gentian and calamus root, about one ounce each, two or three times a day, with from half an ounce to an ounce of the salts. Give no grain or hay, for four to six days, or until your patient is free from disease. Then begin with a pint of oats and a few spears of hay. By being in a hurry to feed you will be sure to lose time, if not your patient. The sequel of influenza, viz., swelled legs, belly, and sheath, inflamed kidneys, lungs, and pleura, hydrothorax, &c., all are nearly or quite as bad as the disease itself, and require more skill in their treatment.

The above hints are given for the benefit of those who are not within reach of a veterinary surgeon. I do not mean a common catchpenny quack, but a man of sense in the profession. I cured nineteen head (including two of the four that were down when I got there) in eight days.

I see an article in the "Veterinary Journal," taken from the "Rural New Yorker," stating that a gentleman in Pennsylvania had lost a great many animals with putrid fever. I think it is probably influenza, or anthorax fever. If the latter, all dead animals should be instantly buried, as this disease is highly contagious to *all* the domestic animals, and infectious to man.

To Diagnose Influenza.—On opening the mouth you will see a scarlet ring round the teeth, from one-eighth to half an inch in breadth; the rest of the mouth a saffron color. The white of the eye about the color of the human skin in jaundice; the eyelids highly inflamed; pulse from 40 to 120, and so feeble that none but an experienced hand can count it.—JAMES HARKNESS, *in Spirit of the Times.*

☞ A secret, like an oyster, cannot be kept too close—for the moment it is opened it ceases to exist.

CHILDREN PLAYING WITH A BEAR.—Mr. Atkinson heard the following story in his Siberian rambles:—Two children, one four and the other six years old, rambled away from their friends, who were haymaking. They had gone from one thicket to another gathering fruit, laughing and enjoying the fun. At last they came near a bear lying on the grass, and, without the slightest apprehension, went up to him. He looked at them steadily, without moving; at length they began playing with him, and mounted upon his back, which he submitted to with perfect good humor. In short, both seemed inclined to be pleased with each other; indeed the children were delighted with their new play-fellow. The parents, missing the truants, became alarmed, and followed on their track. They were not long in searching out the spot, when, to their dismay, they beheld one child sitting on the bear's back, and the other feeding him with fruit! They called quickly, when the youngsters ran to their friends, and Brain, apparently not liking the interruption, went away into the forest.

LITERARY MEN AND THEIR WIVES.—I do maintain that a wife, says Sara Coleridge, whether young or old, may pass her evenings most happily in the presence of her husband, occupied herself, and conscious that he is still better occupied, though he may but speak with her and cast his eyes upon her from time to time; that such evenings may be looked forward to with great desire, and deeply regretted when they are passed away forever. Wieland, whose conjugal felicity has been almost as celebrated as himself, says, in a letter written after his wife's death, that if he but knew that she was in the room, or if at times she but stepped in and said a word or two, that was enough to gladden him. Some of the happiest and most loving couples are those who, like Wieland and his wife, are both too fully employed to spend the whole of every evening in conversation.

Useful Receipts.

MEAD.—This favorite beverage that for centuries was the chief libation of northen nations, is made by dissolving one pint of honey in three of boiling water, flavoring it with spices, and adding a portion of ground malt, and a piece of toast steeped in yeast, and allowing the whole to ferment. It was sometimes flavored with primrose blossoms, which, by the way, is a little plant that does not grow this side of the Atlantic.

FOR MAKING CLOTHES WATER-PROOF.—A new method is thus described:—Take about thirty ounces of alum, and dissolve in thirty-two quarts of water. Then dissolve in another vessel the same number of ounces of acetate of lead in an equal quantity of water. On mixing the two liquids, there will be a precipitate in the form of a powder created, which is the sulphate of lead. Turn off the liquid, which retains in dissolution the acetate of alum, and plunge into it the fabric desired to be made impermeable to water or other fluid. The cloth should then be kneaded with the hands until it becomes thoroughly saturated, when it should be taken out and exposed in the air to dry. Goods rendered impermeable by this process retain no unpleasant odor after the second trial.

ECONOMY OF CARPETS.—To preserve expensive carpets, it is well to completely cover the floor beneath them with drugget, or coarse matting, which is a much better plan than to spread a layer of straw between the floor and carpet; the straw (besides the difficulty of spreading it perfectly smooth and even) accumulating much dust that works up through the carpet.

CHAPPED HANDS.—I have used the following for many years, and have recommended it to a number of friends, and wherever it has been used, the result has been all that could be desired:—

Take two ounces of glycerine, and one ounce of rosewater, mix, and rub your hands well with it before retiring to rest. It is pleasant, agreeable and cleanly, and its effects are truly wonderful; indeed, whatever business a party may be engaged in, it will not fail to effect a cure. The glycerine alone is equally as good, but the rosewater is more pleasant to use.—*Cor. of Scientific American.*

INDIAN MEAL AND CORN BREAD.—It is said that many more people would eat corn bread if they knew how to cook it. An "experienced housekeeper" has furnished us with some good recipes, which we commend to inexperienced housekeepers. A bushel of corn contains more nutriment than a bushel of wheat. The latter is not generally considered fit to eat unless ground very fine and bolted. It is a mistake, however. Indian corn treated in the same way is nearly spoiled. It never should be ground fine. Let that be remembered. Fine meal may be eaten when fresh ground, but it will not keep sweet. The broken oil globules become rancid and bitter.

Corn Cakes, made of meal and water, with a little salt, mixed into a stiff dough, very thoroughly, and baked on a board before a hot fire, or in a hot oven, or in little cakes on a griddle, till entirely done, are very sweet, wholesome bread.

Corn and Wheat Bread is wholesome and nutritious, and easily made—if you know how. Stir two teacupfuls of white meal in a pint of hot water for each loaf; free it of lumps, and let it stand twenty-four hours. Boil two or three potatoes, peel and slice, and mash in a pint of water, which thicken with flour till it is stiff batter, and then add half a teacupful of baker's yeast. You will use about one-third as much meal, scalded as above, as you do of flour; knead the meal and yeast, and sponge, and add a little salt with the flour all together, and work it well and mould in pans to rise moderately, and then bake, at first in a hot oven. This bread will be moist, and more nutritious and more healthy than if it were all flour.

Buckwheat Cakes are improved by adding corn meal, prepared in the same way, in about the same proportion as for bread. A little wheat flour may be added to advantage. Don't let your batter over-rise and sour, and never use saleratus if it does.

Corn Meal Pudding may be made of yellow meal, stirred into scalded skimmed milk, till as thick as gruel, and, when cool, add ginger, cinnamon, nutmeg, salt, and sweetening to suit the taste, and a little fine-cut suet, and some raisins, or dried peaches, or a fine-cut apple. It should bake an hour, or more, according to size. You who do not believe anything made of corn meal can be good, will please try this recipe for a pudding.

The Riddler.

HISTORICAL ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 21 letters.

My 1, 2, 15, 8, 21, 6, 4, 20, 3, 13, was an ancient poet and orator who wrote 50 tragedies, and the art of rhetoric in verse.

My 2, 10, 2, 6, 13, was a Carthagenian general, the son of Hamilcar, who, aspiring to be king, was put to death by torture, and his whole family cut off.

My 3, 6, 2, 11, was a nymph who fell in love with Narcissus, but being slighted by him, pined away to a skeleton, having nothing left but her voice, and though seen by nobody returned an answer to all.

My 4, 2, 19, 8, 17, 11, 18, 3, 19, was a village of Boetia, in Greece, which was famous for two battles; the one where Philip of Macedon conquered Greece; the other in which Mithridates was routed by the Romans, when, according to Livy, Sylla, with the loss of 14 men only, slew 110,000 of the enemy.

My 5, 17, 11, 21, 6, 13, was a king of Parthia, who poured down melted gold into the throat of the Roman Crassus.

My 6, 16, 20, 7, 19, was a Roman emperor who succeeded Domitian, but was very unlike him, being a good man, a good statesman, and a good soldier.

My 7, 6, 17, 11, 6, 19, was a city of Lombardy, famous for being the birthplace of Catullus the poet.

My 8, 7, 19, 6, 21, 6, 17, was the son of Mercury and Nicostrata, who, for her prophetic verses, was called by the Latins Carmenta.

My 9, 3, 13, 14, 11, 17, was the son of Neleus, king of Pylos, brought up to arms from his childhood.

My 10, 3, 6, 11, 13, is one of the islands in the Ægean sea called Cyclades, famous for the temple of Neptune.

My 11, 20, 3, 13, 14, 16, 13, was the son of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra. He slew his own mother and Aegisthus, her adulterer, who had murdered his father.

My 12, 17, 5, 19, 14, 11, was a philosopher, so beloved by M. Antonius, that he erected him a gold statue.

My 13, 6, 19, 16, 19, was the daughter of King Picus, and wife of Faunus his brother.

My 14, 20, 5, 19, 13, is a country in the Lesser Asia, near the Hellespont.

My 15, 11, 8, 19, 21, 3, 19, was a Roman lady famous for chastity.

My 16, 7, 18, 21, 9, 3, was the daughter of Mars.

My 17, 12, 19, 19, was the city of Rochester, Roffensis being the bishop thereof.

My 18, 3, 20, 5, was an adopted son of Claudius, who was most infamous for cruelty.

My 19, 20, 19, 17, is a river of Provence, in France, so slow, that its course can scarcely be seen, famous for the bridge made over it by Cæsar's soldiers.

My 20, 9, 5, 21, 9, 13, is a famous island in the Mediterranean sea.

My 21, 19, 9, 19, 3, was the daughter of Acrisius, king of the Argives.

And my whole is an institution of Switzerland of great use to mankind. THOS. J. CROW.

Floydsburg, Ky.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 14 letters.

My 1, 2, 3, 1, 12, 13, 8, is the name of a song.

My 3, 4, 7, 8, 9, 10, is the name of a syrup.

My 2, 3, is an indefinite article.

My 3, 6, 13, 4, is a great river.

My 14, 2, 3, 6, 4, 13, is a man's name.

My 7, 12, 10, 11, is raised by farmers.

My 6, 7, 3, is a cold substance.

My 8, 10, 4, 3, 8, 13, 3, is the capital of New Jersey.

My whole was an officer of the American army.

TRISMEGISTUS.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Before my *first* the young man stood
With his companions gay,
And in that boisterous, noisy mood
Their season fled away.

The hour of midnight draweth nigh,
They seek their homes so dear,
And heed not anguished mother's sigh,
Or sister's falling tear.

The merchant sits before his desk
With papers thickly spread,
And ponders o'er the dangerous risk,
Which Fate hangs o'er his head.

A smile soon lingers 'round his face,
Oh, what has quelled his fears.
No loss he's made, but in its place
My *second* now appears.

My whole you'll find in every store,
Because the times are hard,
In letters large, outside the door,
Upon a dangling card.

Boston. L. N. GREENLEAF.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If my whole is from a fire,
The results are often dire;
Omit my first and you will see
Nature's loveliest scenery.
Erase my last, and if set on a raft,
I'm useful upon a sailing craft;
As I'm composed of only letters five,
You soon will guess me if you strive.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When old Sol his morning ray dispenses,
The active hum of my first commences.
When o'er western hills his brightness gleams,
Then my first is well nigh gone, it seems.

My second means as fashion the same.
And is but for it another name.
In the Buckeye State my whole you'll see,
'Tis the name of a town—what might it be?

Pottstown, Pa. L. J. F.

ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Stay, Ruda!	R. H Ney
N. give N. E.	On, St. Peter.
Stop!	Re-do it.

GAHMEW.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In a certain right angled triangle, a side of the greatest square that can be inscribed in it, standing on the base, exceeds a side of the greatest square that can be inscribed in it, standing on the hypothenuse, by 24 perches; and the lengths of two lines drawn from the acute angles to the centre of the inscribed circle are as 1 to the square root of 2. How many acres does this triangle contain? ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Venango Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What Irish battle explains the secret of a magician's slight-of-hand? Ans.—Sleeveragh-mon.

☞ Why is an overloaded gun like an office holder? Ans.—Because it kicks mightily when it is *discharged*.

☞ What part of a ship is like a farmer? Ans.—The tiller.

☞ Why is wit like a Chinese lady's foot? Ans.—Because brevity is the *soul* of it.

☞ Why should the English be sanguine of success in India? Ans.—Because they have Luck now.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Thomas Pinkney and Edward Rutledge. ENIGMA.—Granger's Magic Corn and Cob Mill. GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.—Oliver Goldsmith. CHARADE.—Night-mare. CHARADE.—Boot-jack. CHARADE.—Plantagenet. (Plant-age-net.) ANAGRAMS.—Dickens, Milton, Hemans, Thackeray, Moore, Burns, Sigourney, James. MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.—Depth 24 inches. Top 18 inches. Bottom 32 inches square.